

Sheil, nichard Leibr Evadne

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Complete to

[FOURTH EDITION.]

EVADNE;

OR,

THE STATUE.

Price Three Shillings.

EVADNE;

OR,

THE STATUE:

A TRAOEDY, IV ISE HELD

AS PERSORMED AS THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN

BY RICHARD SHEIL, Esc

FOLEETH EDITION

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EVADNE;

OR,

THE STATUE:

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY RICHARD SHEIL, Esq.

FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed by W. Clouces, Northumberland-court; and SOLD BY J. MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1819.

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TO

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

IN TESTIMONY OF

THE AUTHOR'S SENSE OF THE

GENIUS, PATRIOTISM, AND PRIVATE WORTH,

OF THAT ILLUSTRIOUS POET,

AND OF

HIS GRATITUDE FOR MUCH PERSONAL KINDNESS

TOWARDS HIMSELF,

THIS TRAGEDY IS INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

The Author has employed a part of the fable of Shirkers's "Traylor", in the construction of his plot. In that trayedy, a kinsman, and invouring of the Duke of Florence, contrives to excite in him a dishonourable passion for the sister of a Florentine nobleman, as the means of processing the faurder of the Duke by the hand of the injured brother, and thus opening the way for his own elevation to the throne.

To that extent only the plot of this tragedy is derived from Shialky. The incidents, situations, distribution, characters, and language, (such as they are), the Author, hopes he may be preloaded for observing, are his own. It will, perhaps be thought, that this detracts from his chain to the merit of originality—He does not think so,—No one comests the originality of Displaced because House took his plot from an ordered to

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Rowe's Fair Penitent is a still stronger case; that fine tragedy is modelled on Massinger's Fatal Dowry;—OTWAY and SOUTHERNE rarely invented their plots.

The Author trusts his introduction of these names will not be misinterpreted. He mentions them for the purpose of justifying himself, by the authority of their example.

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Story Talk

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE KING OF NAPLES, MR.	Аввотт.
LUDOVICO, his Favourite MR.	M'CREADY.
COLONNA,MR.	Young (
VICENTIO,MR. C	C. Kemble.
SPALATRO,MR.	Connor.
Greant	Lealy
EVADNE, sister of Colonna M158	O'NEILL.
OLIVIA. in love with Vicentio MRS.	FAUCIT.

Scene-Naples.

12 Combies - Ballet and Chouse 8 Guards - Sofoes

PROLOGUE

WRITTER BY CHARLES PHILLIPS 154

SPOKEN BY ME LULRIEDS

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PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY CHARLES PHILLIPS, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. EGERTON.

WHEN erst in Eden's solitary bowers. The primal Man beheld his world of flowers. Eternal sunshine tinged the glorious sky, Alternate beauties wooed his wandering eye; While infant Love, waving its odorous wing, Woke the wild spirit of the breathing Spring. Yet still through Paradise he restless strayed, Its bower was songless, and its sun was shade: E'en as the Bard of Albany has sung, In strains that live for age, and yet are young, Creation bloom'd, a decorated wild,-It was not Paradise-till Woman smiled. Fair on his view the Paragon arose, Source of his bliss, and solace of his woes. By bounteous Heaven ordain'd to sooth his fall, And sole survive, a recompense for all. Who has not felt her chaste and charmed power Beguile his sad, and raise his raptur'd hour? If such there be-Oh! let him bend his sight Far from the hallowed vision of to-night. To-night, our Bard, in lovely woman's cause, Alone from manly bosoms asks applause: From British bosoms asks, without a fear, Assured that such a cause is sacred here.

[·] Albany was the ancient name of Scotland .- CAMPBELL.

And you, ye Fair, see young Evadne prove Her vestal honour, and her plighted love; See her, the light and joy of every eye, Veil all her charms in spotless chastity; Aud, 'mid the fires and phantasies of youth, Turn strong temptations to the cause of truth! Oh! may each maid Evadne's virtue share, With heart as faithful, though with form less fair. You, too, who hope Ambition's height to climb, Toiling to fortune through the maze of crime, Behold, as in the daring " fool of Crete." Of such design, the lesson, and the fate; Behold the wing that lifts it to the skies Melt in the sun to which it sought to rise. Such is the strain by which the moral Bard Seeks from a moral people his reward: Seeks in simplicity, without one aid From scenic pomp, or pasteboard cavalcade. Britons, be just, and as our "Statue" stands, Like MEMNON's image from its master's hands, With one bright ray illume the sculptured toil, And bid it breathe-the creature of your smile.

Bradne Properties act 1= Ter Banners and b Lands Halberts for Grands Three Daysers, In Spalatio, and 924 Constiers minature frine King minature and B.L. for Ludovices Commission for bicentis ninature for Eradne menature po dicentis Blood ready K. In boloma's Several 8 Sounds for Guards Dagger for bolonna

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EVADNE, Transmitted

OR,

THE STATUE.

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SCENE I. 3.d __ Los

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1 . 1 1 . 1

The Palace of the King of Naples.

Dist The KING, SPALATRO, and Courtiers 2 Banners, and Six Guarda

KING. DIDST say the Marquis of Colonna prays.

Admission to our presence?

L. SPAL. Aye, my liege,

He stands in the anti-chamber, with a brow

As stern as e'er was knitted in the folds

Of ranc'rous discontent.

SPAL. Deem it no little benefit, my liege;
His deep and murky smile, his gather'd arms,
In whose close pride ha folds himself—his raw

And pithy apothegms of scorn have made him Our laughter, and our hatred; we are all Grown weary of this new Diogenes, Who rolls his hard and new philosophy Against all innocent usage of the court.

KING. We must not bid him hence—he has a sister—

SPAL. The fair Evadne !-

KING. Fairer than the morn;

Who has not seen her, knows of beauty less Than blind men of Aurora.—For her sake We give him ample scope, and we are glad He comes to visit us.

L. COLONNA without.

Col. I'll hear no more.

Colonna does not often importune
With his unwelcome presence. Let me pass—
For once I must be heard.

L. Enter COLONNA, followed by Courses.

My liege !-

1st. Court. Hold back!

Of sacred royalty?

Col. The right that all

Good subjects ought to have—to do him service.

My liege-

KING. You are welcome-

And would you had brought your lovely sister too.

Cor. My sister, did you say? My sister, sir? She is not fit for courts; she would be called (For she has something left of nature still)

A simple creature here; she cannot cost
Unboly glunces from a cidelong cost

And puthy apolicy out of acous have made hun Our looping; and our losted; we are all Grown versity of this new Diogones. Who rolls his lard and new philosophy. Against all impocont usage of the court.

Kira We neet not bid in hence—be has a nice --

King, Turn that he work.

Who has not a caller, becare of beauty less Then blind one of Amore. - Par her sake We give here ample scope, and we are glad.

He comes to went us.

Colonna mitheut

Con I'll bear on more

Colonna does not often unportune
With his noweleans presented. Let me passe
For once I must be histel.

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My liege !--

1st. Cours. Hold back!

f.d. Cowers. What right hast thou to tuch before the sight. Of exercit royalty?

Cot. The right that all

Good subjects ought to have-to do lim service

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One his valve did you savi dily eater, an' Appending an' Species in courte; she would us called Otto Telling lett of autore willy

Dens togeth a die and a der Salgues de

some gar frie e constitue only field it is

Or give her untouched body to the court h Of mazy dances, where all dicesty Is lust in pleasure's wildered lab, anth She is not at for cally and I have been She never will that, let it pass - 1 . one To unplote a front of you

King, Whitepare

Senter of found and sever charles

Col the transfer take the same trail in Plat princes often fire it said to want

The simply this one tells - ent them sil

Kines. Proceed, ent plan the mander, my lad

Cor, I see your court where do such wisees!

Of them I first would speak - Thirt is not one

Of this wife temp or glitering parachts

That circle you, as priests annound their clod.

With sycophanta taceare, but m soul

Is your base foc. - These surings here, may here,

Whose diniples seem a corr of heavyround

Filled, and o'erfloring with enacity . .

These soft melodious flatterers, my itege. -

That flourish on the devibility

Of their soft countenances - are the vermin

I hat haunt a prince's car with the taller burn

Of villancus as unterna . The e ere may

Who from your much have I must every disorghi

1 sale one or old I'-- showing add to be to the men and 10

Who from your ore here shot the public it.

And with the potential gales of flatter of

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Ludovico : sucreso garbanosma 10 Their lead complaint commercial

And grant conflar. James

Or give her untouched body to the wreath Of mazy dances, where all decency Is lost in pleasure's wildered labyrinth.

She is not fit for courts, and I have hope She never will: But, let it pass-I come To implore a favour of you.

KING. Whatsoe'er

Colonna prays, sure cannot be refus'd.

Cor. The favour that I ask is one, my liege. That princes often find it hard to grant. 'Tis simply this—that you will hear the truth.

King. Proceed, and play the monitor, my lord.

Cor. I see your courtiers here do stand amazed. Of them I first would speak-There is not one Of this wide troop of glittering parasites, That circle you, as pricets surround their Cod. With sycophantic incerse, but in soul, Is your base foe.—These smilers here, my liege,—

Whose dimples seem a sort of honoresmb

Filled, and o'orflowing with enceity

These work melodious flatterers, my liege, __ Sweet That flourish on the flexibility

Of their soft countenances,—are the vermin That haunt a prince's ear with the false buzz Of villanous assentation.—These are they. Who from your mind have flouted every thought Of the great weal of the people.—These are they Who from your ears have shut the public cry,

And with the poisoned gales of flattery Create around you a foul atmosphere Of unresounding denseness, thro' the which Their loud complaints cannot reverberate,

And perish ere they reach you.

Who dares complain of us?

Col. All dare complain

Behind you—I before you.—Do not think

Because you load your people with the weight

Of camels, they possess the camel's patience.

A deep groan labours in the nation's heart;

The very calm and stillness of the day

Gives augury of the earthquake.—All without

Is as the marble smooth, and all within

Is rotten as the carcase it contains;
Tho' ruin knock not at the palace-gate,
Yet will the palace-gate unfold itself
To ruin's felt-shod tread.

King. (aside.) Insolent villain!
Col. Your gorgeous banquets—your high feests of gold

Which the four question of the Heap with the four question of the Heap with the sample of the sumptuousness.

Of painted royalty will melt away,
As in a theatre the glittering scene
Doth vanish with the shifter's magic hand,
And the mock pageant perishes.—My liege,
A single virtuous action hath more worth
Than all the pyramids, and glory writes
A more enduring epitaph upon
One generous deed, than the sarcophagus
In which Sesostris meant to sleep.

SPAL, Forbear!

It is a subject's duty to arrest

Thy rash and blasphemous speech.—

King. Let him speak on—

The monarch who can listen to Colonna,

Is not the worthless tyrant he would make me. 22

The specific of the sire of ing the contract of the state of the deline the news. South toward in a commence in the west situation with determining of receiving the second sugarante ils nes all particular in the A Comment of the control of the control of the retrust to with a town before were will sugher the middle of the order of the The same of the second company with a second of the property of the thought the new me this of the test tribling to be of the profit " Our Three grows handlets-sont high fenets of gold, blow botter ods be a dresse mais not desired world He op with their words of burnage -vent pourpe, Your relace with the sumpliminess. Of minted a call, will make away, As in a three-oath guttering seene Hoch so gish with the shifter's magic hand, . " set the most pregnant prenishes .- bly liege, A serger veryous ection buth more worth Then all the paramete, and glory writes roge Agence emigher rover ? charged and and the state of the same of agoste or have revened by energy 12-13-14 7 75-6 MARTINE OF A MILE STORY OF THE STATE OF THE · Harris grand and the state of

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Spalater setines again K.

Cos. I does you not that your office.

No! Nature transling you, shill yells a season your bear hash specified that you have a season you had been some and from wisdom for a season you.

By men whose every book 's a hossely a contract of a season you have a season your back is a loss of a season.

It is a large has a reak transler.

Misse. Traver' who no married on a

Con. You samurite, you is the girgs that suboth-faced by portices or the

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the Bristhe trainer's self-I marked of the Tant to hard her three continues and the terms of the terms.

Ester Lugarico-nonante inp. Justic Kirs

Lun. My liegs

Con. The same-Calama's here!

And if you nish to learn his theme of you ch,

Learn that he spoke of treason and of your Learn Did I not stand before the hallowed eye

Of majesty, I would teach they with my sweed

How to a form thy phrase-But I sai now

In an king's presence, and with awaren keepl, As a within Kill and praceful should

Humbly I had been man. Whot, in 18-25.

Hath this part our trees that

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The figure of the first that the same of the

Col. I deem you not that tyrant—if I did—No! Nature framing you, did kindly mean,
And o'er your heart hath sprinkled many drops
Of her best charities. But you are led
From virtue and from wisdom far away,
By men whose every look 's a lie—whose hearts
Are a large heap of cankers, and of whom
The chief is a rank traitor!

KING. Traitor! whom meanest thou?

Col. Your favourite, your minister, my liege.

That smooth-faced hypocrite—that—

KING. Here he comes!

Col. It is the traitor's self—I am glad of it,

That to his face I may confront.——

R. Enter Ludovico-he advances rapidly to the King

Lub. My liege,

I hasten to your presence, to inform you—Colonna here! (starting.)

Col. The same—Coloma's here!

And if you wish to learn his theme of speech,

Learn that he spoke of treason and of you.

Lup. Did I not stand before the hallowed eye
Of majesty, I would teach thee with my sword
How to reform thy phrase—But I am now
In my king's presence, and with awe-struck soul,
As if within Religion's peaceful shrine,
Humbly I bend before him. What, my liege,
Hath this professor of austerity,
And practiser of slander, somited utilized
Against your servant's honour?

King. He hath called you——
Col. Λ traitor! and I warn you to beware
Of the false viper nurtured in your heart.

He has filled the city with a band of men, By fell allegiance sworn unto himself. There are a thousand ruffians at his word Prepared to cut our throats.—The city swarms With murderers' faces, and tho' treason now Moves like a muffled dwarf, 'twill speedily Swell to a blood-robed giant !- If, my liege, What I have said doth not unfilm your eye, Twere vain to tell you more. - "And I desire not

- " To hear a traitor doling out before you
- " His fluent protestation, till at last
- " With insolent mockery of attested Heaven,
- " From the believing ear of royalty,
- " He suck its brains out." I have said, my liege,

And tried to interrupt security Upon her purple cushion-he, perhaps, Will find some drowsy syrup to lay down Her opening eye-lids into sleep again, And call back slumber with a lullaby Of sweetest adulation.—Fare you well!

Lup. Hold back!

Col. Not for your summons, my good lord. The courtly air doth not agree with me, And I respire it painfully.—My lord, Hear my last words.—Beware, Ludovico! Lup. Villain, come back!

Col. I wear a sword, my lord.

[Exit. L. Lup. He flies before me and the sight of him He dares accuse, came like the morning sun On the night-walking enemy of mankind, That shrinks before the day-light-yes, he fled, And I would straight pursue him, and send back,

On my sword's point, his falsehoods to his heart-

He bas filled the city with a bred of men,

Re fill office in a ancien unto himself.

There is a state of the addition bear in the act are all

Prigraph to cost ours' spate - The city ename !

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" He such its Sings out, "-I have end, my lege, - !"

And tried to interrupt keenedty .

Upon her purple outherned to perhaps, " " and " "

Will find some crower syrup to lay down and and

Her opening excelled und close spire, excelled

And call back alumber with a hulaby
Of sweetest relukcion.—Fire you will.

Lyn. Hold back!

Cor., Fot for your summons, my good lord

The courtly air doth not egree with me,

And Excepted to painfully, -- My lord,

Heer my last we was .-- Benare, Ludovica '.

Lop Vilses, come back!

Con. I was a sward nig lord

Service Commencer

tion, its this before me-and the right of him the same error, come like the merning star.

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And I wen't trough present him, and send brok.

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But that I here tefore the arecrobed and Would vindicate alyself—a nation of Ludovice In any action of Ludovice Fields wind word?

Kino, I cannot think

Thou hast especial me will merenty la

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" Of Boaring Story and your ob and stored

" Twas unprefend to our could be p of blood, --

"If he who from your double's beating off." The heavy mass of explosion early:

" His severeign from the pundences but of rate,

" And leave you but its possess" -- He whose head

Hain back the oppressin daden with deway

And men its pressure from the golden countri-

If he where that but at the missegul lump

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Is hear to be seen a sile, the siles,

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And stretched it bled this at you he careful fi

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But that I here before the assembled court Would vindicate myself—a traitor!—who In any action of Ludovico Finds echo to that word?

King. I cannot think
Thou hast repaid me with ingratitude.

Lun. I do not love to make a boisterous boast
Of my past services, and marshal forth
In glittering array the benefit
That I have done my sovereign—what I did
Was but my duty.—Yet would I inquire
If he who has fought your battles, and hath made
A very thrall of victory—who oft
Has back to Naples from the field of fight,
Led your triumphant armies while the breeze

- "Spread out the royal banner, with its fold
- " Of floating glory, and yourself exclaimed
- "Twas unprofaned by one small drop of blood,-
- " If he who from your shoulders has ta'en off
- "The heavy mass of empire to relieve
- " His sovereign from the ponderous load of rule,
- "And leave you but its pleasures"—He whose hand

Hath lined the oppressive diadem with down,
And ta'en its pressure from the golden round—
If he whose cheek hath at the midnight lamp
Grown pale with study of his prince's weal
Is like to be a traitor?—who, my liege,
Hath often like the day-light's god transpierced
The hydra-headed monster of rebellion,
And stretched it bleeding at your feet? who oft
Hath from the infuriate people exorcised
The talking damon, "liberty," and choaked

The voice of clamorous deinagogues ?- I dare !! : !! To tell you 'twas Ludovico!

KING. It was.

LUD. Who calls me traitor? He whose breath doth taint Whate'er it blows upon-he f' who doth mock

- "The antique severity, and only wants .
- " A toga to be a republican
- " Of the old Roman fashion,-He who talks
- " Abroad against your vices, (for he deems :
- " All blameless pleasures such,) and oftentimes
- "Heaves a long sigh for those illustrious days
- " When commonwealths made men.
 - "KING. What! dares he do so ?"

Lup But, ask yourself, my lord, if I be mad? For were I that, that he would make Ludovico, The cells of frenzy, not the scaffold's plank, Would best beseem my treason.—In your love My fortunes grow and flourish unto heaven; And I should win by treason but the load Of the world's execration, while the fierce And ravenous vulture of remorse would tear The vitals of my soul, and make my heart is the second sec Its black immortal banquet! I a traitor! At first, I only meant to scorn.—But now, The bursting passion hath o'ermastered me, And my voice choaks in anguish! Oh, my liege, and (1) Your giving audience to this rancorous man, Who envies me the greatness of your smile. Hath done me wrong, and stabs me thro' and thro'. A traitor !- your Ludovico!

KING. My lord.

Lun, Here is my heart! If you have any mercy, ' and'

Strike thro' that heart, and as the blood flows forth, Drown your suspicions in the purple stream.

KING. Arise, Ludovico, and do not think
I have harboured in my breast a single thought

That could dishonour thee. - Raises and embrace him

Lub. My royal Master!

The power of gratitude mounts from my heart,
And rushes to mine eyes, that are too apt
To play the woman with me. See, they are falling—
Oh! let them not profane your sacred cheek,
But bathe my prince's feet.

King. Ludovico,

We have wrong'd thee, not by doubt,
But by our sufferance of Colonna's daring—
Whom from my sight into the dungeon's depth

I had flung, but that I hope—Let us apart—

[He draws Lupovico aside front L

But that I hope, Ludovico, that yet I may possess me of his sister's charms,

Lud. There you have struck upon the inmost spring Of all Colonna's hate; for in obedience To your high will, I humbly made myself Your pleasure's minister, and to her car I bore your proffered love, which he discovering Hath tried to root me from my Prince's heart—

King. Where thou shalt ever flourish! But, Ludovico, But thou hast told her! Is there hope, my friend?

Lud. She shall be yours—nay, more—and well you know
That you may trust your servant—not alone
Colonna's lovely sister shall be yours;
But, mark my speech, Colonna's self shall draw
The chaste white curtains from her virgin-bed,
And lead you to her arms!

Aside.

King. What! her fierce brother
Yield his consent?

Lvp. Inquire not how, my liege,

I would accomplish this—trust to my pledge—

This very night.

King. To-night! Am I so near
To heaven, Ludovico?
Lud. You are, my liege.
To-night upon the breast of paradise

To-night upon the breast of paradise You shall most soundly sleep.

KING. My faithful friend!

And dost thou say, Colonna will himself——?

Lud. Colonna's self shall bear her to your arms,

And bid her on to dalliance.

King. Oh, my friend,

Thou art the truest servant that e'er yet

Tended his Sovereign's wish: but dost not fear,

Her purposed marriage with Vicentio

May make some obstacle?

Lup. I have recalled him
From Florence, whither as ambassador,
In honourable exile, he was sent.

King. Recalled him? Twas to interrupt his love. That he was sent.

Lub. My projects need his coming.

"Tis not in pain that he returne, my liege,"
For I intend to make Vicentia

An instrument to crown you with her charms!

King. How shall I bless thee, my Ludovico?

Le sha not made of beauty. Dost thou think

'Tis strange I pine for her—but why inquire

Of thee, who once wert kindled by her charms.

Lub. My liege!

[A little disturbed.

KING. She did prefer Vicentio.

Lun. She shall prefer you to Vicentio.

KING. My dear Ludovico, within my soul

More closely will I wear thee !-is't to-night?

To-night, Ludovico!

Lup. Wish that the sun

Would throw himself down the rich steeps of heaven.

And night come gliding from the darkening east,

For, in her pall shall love with a golden torch,

Just lighted in Cythera, sweetly tread,

And laughing guide the pleasures as he trips.

King. Tell her we'll shower all honour on her head.

And here, Ludovico, to testify

That we have given ourselves, bear to her heart

This image of her King!

LUD. I am in all your servant.

KING. My Ludovico,

We never can reward thee! Come, my friends, -XR.

Let's to some fresh-imagined sport, and wile

The languid hours in some device of joy.

To help along the lazy flight of time.

And quicken him with pleasure.-My Ludovico!

Remember!

[Exit KING and part of the Courtiers, R. SPALATRO, and four other Conspirators remain behind with Banners

Ludovico.

Lub. He is gone at leat have gone

And my unloosened spirit dares again

To heave within my bosom !- Oh Colonna.

With an usurious vengeance I'll repay thee,

And cure the talking devil in thy tongue !-

To Spalatro.] Give me thy hand, and let thy pulse again

Beat with a temperate and healthful motion ..

3

Of full security.—We are safe, my friends,

And in the genius of Ludovico,

An enterprise shall triumph.

SPAL. We began to tremble when you entered—but full soon

With admiration we beheld you tread Secure the steeps of ruin, and preserve us.

Lub. That damn'd Colonna!—by the glorious star
Of my nativity, I do not burn
For empire, with a more infuriate thirst,
Than for revenge!

12. SPAL. My poniard's at your service.

Ist Cons. And minut Half draw then dager

Lup. Not for the world, my friends!

I'll turn my vengeance to utility,

And must economize my hate-Whom think you

Have I marked out assassin of the King?

SPAL. Piero, perchance—he strikes the poniard deep.

Lup. A better hand at it.

SPAL. Bartolo, then-

He pushes the stiletto to the heart.

Lup. No!

SPAL. Then yourself will undertake the deed.

Lup. That were against all wisdom—No, my friends,

SPAL. What Colonna?—he that now

Accused you here?

Lud. Colonna -

SPAL. 'Tis impossible !-

From his great father he inherited

A sort of passion in his loyalty:

In him it mounts to folly.

- 3

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The supply of the first party but give self

LUD. Yet, Spalatro,
I'll make a murderer of him—know you not
He has a sister?—

SPAL. Yes, the fair Evadne, You once did love yourself.

Lup. There thou hast touched me.

And I am weak enough to love her yet,
If that indeed be love that doth consume me;
It is a sort of monster in my heart,
Made up of horrid contrarieties!
She scorns me for that smooth Vicentio—
Not only does he thwart me in my love,
But, well I know, his influence in the state
Would, when the king is sent to Paradise,
Be cast between me and the throne—he dies!—
Colonna too shall perish, and the crown
Shall with Evadne's love be mine.

L. Enter Samunt an Officer

How now?

Waits on your highness.

Lun. I desired her here, And straight I will attend her. With a straw

A town may be consum'd, and I employ This woman's passion for Vicentio, As I would use a poison'd pin, to kill.

SPAL. She long hath loved Vicentio. Lup. He shall wed her—

And from the hand of Hymen, Death shall snatch The nuptial torch, and use it for his own! nii nii

[Erit Samue Officer L

I haste me to her presence. [Takes out the King's picture. Come! fair bauble,

Thou now must be employ'd. (To Spal.) Dost thou not think,

Even in this image, that he bears the soft

And wanton aspect with the which he bid me

To cater for his villanous appetite—

And with what luxury?—Evadne's charms!—

Evadue that I love?—
SPAL. But, didst thou not

Thyself evoke that passion in his breast?

Lup. I did, 'tis true-but for mine own success.

I hate him!-Wouldst thou deem that he would dare

To choose me for his minister of sin, And bid me gain her for his luxury?

There is the very face with which he first
Pour'd his unholy wishes in mine ear—
Ha! dost thou smile upon me?—I will turn
Those glittering eyes, where love doth now inhabit,
To two dark hollow palaces, for Death

To keep his mouldering state in, "and upon "Those lips, where wanton smiles are softly curl'd,

" I'll twine a wreath of rich and clustering worms,

" To feast upon their moist, and rosy pouting!"-

He dares to hope that I will make myself
The wretched officer of his desires,
And smooth the bed for his lascivious pleasures—
But I full soon will teach his royalty,
The beds I make are lasting ones, and lie
In the dark chambers of eternity!

[Exeunt L

France on the event of Alake out the Kong's picture Com ! Gir bauble, Too work not (And of) his day of more or the mir execution that he was the sent on hid od dolder in derenge in a more in For early opposite appropriate المراد ووالم والمراد المراد والمراد وا - - A Table History springly it is a second of the The state of the state of the first of the state of the s the book materials this edition that he good to prio to a sugar sin the est events with As a Sympath car out and seasons had book Then is the ery that with who he health ? Pour'd his radioly to the sur sign correct Tot dost they I stain tropy while note well true Those of the cine of the above the more maked the To my chal habler pale is to party of the west of I see the computation in the part upon and question? " There lips, where we need saids air softly cully, or it " I il tume a unabit of first and clustering womang." I il of To hast up a total moist, and rosy pointing Passessing of Heritage to be to the town which myself

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ACT II.

SCENE I. 12.

A Room in the Palace.

R. Enter OLIVIA and LUDOVICO.

Lub. DISPOSE of it as I instructed you; [Giving her the King's Picture.

You know that I have pledged myself to make Vicentio yours.—To-day yourself have given The means to turn that promise into deed.

You are among the noblest of my kin, And I would mate you with Vicentio, To raise my proper fortunes.

OLIV. My own heart Tells me, 'tis a bad office I have ta'en; But this unhappy passion drives me on, And makes my soul your thrall—Thus I have crept Obedient to your counsels, meanly crept Into Evadne's soft, and trusting heart, And coiled myself around her-Thus, my lord, Have I obtained the page of amorous sighs That you enjoined me to secure—I own

Twas a false deed, but I am gone too far To seek retreat, and will obey you still.

Lub. And I will crown your passion with the flowers
Of Hymen's yellow garland—Trust me, Olivia,
That once dissevered from Evadne's love,
He will soon be taught to prize your nobler frame,
And more enkindled beauty—Well, 'tis known
Ere he beheld the sorceress "who he will
His soul with mockly artificial smiles,"
He deemed you fairest of created things,
And would have proffered love, had not—

OLIV. I pray you,
With gems of flattery do not disturb
The fount of bitterness within my soul;—
For dropped the ne'er so nicely, they but stir
The poisoned waters as they fall—I have said
I will obey you.

Lun. With this innocent page
Will I light up a fire within Vicentio,—
But you must keep it flaming—I have ta'en
Apt means to drive him into jealousy.
By scattering rumours (which have reached his ear)
Before he come to Naples—e'en in Florence
Have I prepared his soft and yielding mind
To take the seal that I would fix upon it.
I do expect him with the fleeting hour,—
For, to my presence he must come to bear
His embassy's commission, and be sure
He leaves me with a poison in his heart,
Evadne's lips shall never suck away.

Your bidding shall be done.—Vicentio!

R. Enter VICENTIO.

Vic. Hail to my lord!

Lup. Welcome, Vicentio!

I have not clasp'd your hand this many a day!

Welcome from Florence. In your absence, sir,

Time scemed to have lost his feathers.

Vic. It was kind

To waste a thought upon me.—Fair Olivia,

Florence hath dimmed mine eyes, or I must else

Have seen a sun-beam sooner. Fair Olivia,

How does your lovely friend?

OLIV. What friend, my lord?

Vic. I trust nought evil hath befallen Evadne,
That you should feign to understand me not.
How does my beautiful and plighted love?

Vic. What meant she by the king? (aside.)

Lup. You seem, Vicentio,

O'ershadowed with reflection—should you

Not have used some soft detaining phrase to one,

Who should at least be pitied?

Vic. I came here
To re-deliver to your hands, my lord,
The high commission of mine embassy,
That long delayed my marriage. You, I deem
My creditor, in having used your sway
In my recall to Naples.

Lub. In return for such small service, "in the which "My real outstripe the tordy benefit," I hope.

That you will not forget Ludovico,

When in the troop of thronging worshippers,

stands aheads

At distance you behold his stooping plume Bend in humility.

Vic. What means my Lord?

Lup. Act not this ignorance-your glorious fortune

Hath filled the common mouth-there's not a wight,

Who ever tortured verse upon the rack Of his parturient brain, has not already Indited you in sonorous eulogy— The jesting villains mimic insolence (Who counterfeit the faces of the great,)

Has set your image in the zon min mart

Of pictured ridicule—Come, do not wear The look of studied wonderment—you know Howe'er I stand upon the highest place In the King's favour, that you will full soon Supplant the poor Ludovico, that coat.

Amid the rout and populace of the sound

Willimspongeromila

Vic. I am no Œdipus.

Lup. You would have me speak in simpler phrase; Vicentio,

You are to be the favorite of the King.

Vic. The favorite of the King! Lup. Certes, Vicentio.

In our Italian courts, the generous husband Receives his monarch's recompensing smile, That with alchymic power, can turn the mass Of dull opprobrious shame, to one bright heap

Of honour and emolument. "How oft" The rich Pactolus of a prince's favour

" Flows from a filthy fountain !—Have you marked

" The fat luxuriance of the juicy plant

"That flourishes in churchyards ?- 'tis, my lord,

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That speaks thy noble nature

- That rottenness manures. The vilest shame
- " (Shame in the dull opinion of the world
- " A wise man sets at nought,) begets more honours
- " Than a whole life of service to the state,
- ." And veins made bloodless in a thousand battles."

I bid you joy, my lord—why, how is this?

Do you not yet conceive me? Know you not

You are to wed the mistress of the king?

Colouna's sister—aye, I have said it, sir,—

Now, do you understand me?

Vic. Villain, thou liest !

Lup. What? are you not to marry her?

Vic. Thou liest:

Tho' thou wert ten times what thou art already,

Not all the laurels heaped upon thy head

Should save thee from the lightnings of my wrath!

- " Vile, and infectious slave, thy calumny
- " Is like a corpse's reeking at the sun,
- " And staining the white day !- Thou wretched worm,
- "Who sheddest thy poison-slime upon the flower
- " Of a pure woman's honour, and where'er .
- " Thou crawlest, pollutest !"

Lup. If it were my will,

The movement of my hand should beckon death

To thy presumption. But I have proved too oft

I bore a fearless heart, to think you dare

To call me coward—and I am too wise

To think I can revenge an injury

By giving you my life. But I compassionate,

Nay, I have learned to esteem thee for a wrath,

That gives me proof thou dost not yield consent white ...

To infamy, that many a courtier here. It would some sall

Would think the plume of fortune. Fare thee well! X L. Thy pulse is now too fevered for the cure-I honestly intended-yet, before I part, here take this satisfying proof Of what a woman's made of.

[Gives him a letter.

Vic. It is her character! Hast thou shed phosphor on the innocent page, That it has turned to fire?

Lup. Thou hast thy fate:

" But he not the vile worm to spin thyself

" The black and climy thread whoreof

Vic. 'Tis signed, " Evadue."

Lup. Yes, it is-farewell !

Vic. For heaven's sake, hear me-Stay-Oh, pardon me For the rash utterance of a frantic man-Whonce? how? where? speak? in mercy speak!

Lup. I will, In mercy speak, indeed-In mercy to That fervid generosity of heart That I behold within thee-"and doonite

" Of the high injury than back cost

Vic. From whom is this?

Lup. From whom? look there!

Vic. Evadne!

Lup. 'Tis written to the king, and to my hand.

For he is proud of it, as if it were A banner of high victory, he bore it, To evidence his valour—It is grown His cup-theme now, and your Evadne's name Is lisped with all the insolence on his tongue Of satiated triumph—he exclaims— The poor Vicentio!

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The poor Vicentio!

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Vic. The poor Vicentio!

Lup. What! shall he murder him? (uside) no, no,—
Colonna!

The poor Vicentio! and he oftentimes Cries, that he pities you!

Vic. He pities me!

Lup. I own that some time I was infidel
To all the bombast vaunting of the king,
But_______.

Vic. "Tis Evadne I have gazed upon it,
In hope that with the glaring of mine eyes
I might burn out the false and treacherous word—
But, still 'tis there—no more—else will it turn
My brain to a red furnace.—Look you, my lord—
Thus as I rend the cursed evidence
Of that vile woman's falsehood—thus I cast
My love into the winds, and as I tread
Upon the poisoned fragments of the snake
That stings me into madness, thus, Ludovico,
Thus do I trample on her!

Lub. Have you ne'er heard,
For'twas so widely scattered in the voice
Of common rumour, that the very wind,
If it blew fair for Florence———

Vic. I have heard

Some whispers, which I long had flung away
With an incredulous hatred from my heart—
But now, this testimony has conjured
All other circumstances in one vast heap
Of damned certainty!—Farewell, my lord—

I 'll seek that false one out, and to her face Upbraid her with her perjured perfidies— That is the only vengeance left me still, Lup Johnson, Vicentio, Johnson, Janes Johnson, Vicentio, Johnson, Vicentio, Johnson, Vicentia, Vicen Vengeance is left you still—the deadliest too That a false woman can be made to feel : i may we Take her example—be not satisfied With casting her for ever from your heart, But to the place that she has forfeited, Exalt a lovelier than-but I perceive Mount of the ment You are not in a mood to hear me now-Some other time, Vicentio-and, meanwhile, Despite your first tempestuous suddenness, . 11.24 a. c. You will think that I but meant your honour well In this proceeding.

Vic. I believe I owe you That sort of desperate gratitude, my lord, The dying patient owes the barbarous knife, where the That delves in throes of mortal agony, as also are and And tears the rooted cancer from his heart!

[Exeunt]

SCENE II.

A Room in COLONNA's Palace. Centre Done

G. D. Crifer EVADNE discovered looking at a picture.

EVAD. Tis strange he comes not! thro' the city's gates His panting courser passed, before the sun-Had climbed to his meridian, yet he comes not!-Mothinko the very throbbings of my beart,

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With slow distinctness mete the hours away
As heavily, as to a sick man's car
Time's monitor beneath his pillow strikes
Before the dawn of day-light. Ah! Vicentio,

To know thee near me, yet behold thee not,
Is sadder than to think thee far away;
For I had rather that a thousand leagues
Of mountain ocean should dissever us,
Than thine own heart, Vicentio.—Sure, Vicentio,
If thou didst know with what a pining gaze
I feed mine eyes upon thine image here,
Thou wouldst not now leave thine Evadne's love
To this same cold idolatry.

L. 2 C. OLIVIA enters unperceived.

I will swear

That smile's a false one, for it sweetly tells No tarrying indifference—Olivia!

OLIV. I have stolen unperceived upon your hours
Of lonely meditation, and surprised
Your soft soliloquies to that fair face.—
Nay, do not blush—reserve that rosy dawn
For the soft pressure of Vicentio's lips.

EVAD. You mock me, fair Olivia,—I confess
That musing on my cold Vicentio's absence,
I quarrelled with the blameless ivory.

OLIV. He was compelled as soon as he arrived,
To wait upon the great Ludovico;
Meanwhile your soft, expecting moments flow
In tender meditation on the face,
You dare to gaze upon in ivory
With fonder aspect, than when you behold
'Its bright original; for then 'tis meet
Your pensive brows be bent upon the ground,

And sighs as soft as rephyrs on the wave of the mil till Should gently heave your heart .- Is it not so? ! : f. Nay, do not now rehearse your part, I pray; - ' n . . n if Reserve those downcast lookings for Vicentio; ' - 't and to That's a fair picture—let me, if you dare Entrust the treasure to another's hand, Let me look on it. (Takes VICENTIO's picture.) What a sweetness plays On those half-opened lips!—He gazed on you When those bright eyes were painted. EVAD. You have got A heart so free of care, that you can mock Your pensive friend with such light merriment. But hark! I hear a step. OLIV. (Aside.) Now fortune aid me In her precipitation. Evap. It is himself!-Olivia, he is coming—Well I know My Lord Vicentio hastens to mine eyes! The picture—prithee give it back to me—, I must constrain you to it. OLIV. (Who has substituted the picture of the King.) It is in vain To struggle with you then—with what a grasp You rend it from my hand, as if it were Vicentio that I had stolen away. (Gives her the King's picture, which EVADNE places in her bosom.) I triumph!—(Aside.)—He is coming—I must leave you, Nor interrupt the meeting of your hearts

EVAD. It is himself!
Swiftly he passes thro' the colonnade,

By my officious presence.

And flies into mine arms. Vicentio,
Thy coming bears me joy as bright as e'er
Beat thro' the heart of woman, that was made
For suffering, and for transport!—Oh, Vicentio!

R. Enter VICENTIO.

Are you then come at last?—do I once more
Behold my bosom's lord, whose tender sight
Is necessary for my happiness
As light for heaven!—My lord!—Vicentio!—
I blush to speak the transport in my heart,
But I am rapt to see you.

Vic. And, Evadne,

Evan. And I!—if every bosom were so glad
As mine for your return, which I have prayed
In nightly orisons, the bells of Naples
Would from their steeples peal their chimes of joy;
Flowers should be strewed before your passing steps,
The very dust made of the leaves of roses!—
I am in sooth so joyous at your sight,
That I forget to chide you—how is this?

Vic. Dissembling woman! (aside.)

Methinks you look most sadly, or what 's worse, Most coldly on Evadne—fus perchance,

The fault of mine expecting eyes, that seek
The warm reflection of their joyfulness.

Why, once, if you were absent but a day,
At our next meeting you were bright as morn

In the sweet May; but now, you-are grown as cold

As winter's chilly day-break—you look altered.

Vic. But you do not look altered—would you did!

Let me peruse the face where loveliness

Stays, like the light after the sun is set.

Sphered in the stillness of those heaven-blue eyes,

The soul sits beautiful; the high white front,

Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems a temple

Sacred to holy thinking! and those lips

Wear the small smile of sleeping infancy,

They are so innocent.—Ah! thou art still

The same soft creature, in whose lovely form
Virtue and beauty seemed as if they tried
Which should exceed the other.—Thou hast got
That brightness all around thee, that appeared
An emanation of the soul, that loved
To adorn its habitation with itself,
And in thy body was like light that looks
More beautiful in the reflecting cloud
It lives in, in the evening. Oh! Evadne,

Thou art not altered-would thou wert!

Eva. Vicentio,

This strangeness I scarce hoped for—Say, Vicentio,
Has any ill befallen you?—I perceive
That its warm bloom hath parted from your cheek,

And there 's a parched dryness in your hand,

That shows the torrid fever of the blood-

Ah me! you are not well, Vicentio.

Vic. In sooth, I am not.—There is in my breast

A wound that mocks all cure—no salve, nor anodyne,

Nor medicinal herb, nor minist rings

Of anxious care from hands, as delicate As e'er affection tutored in the arts Of hindly rectoration, can allay The festering of that agonizing wound You have driven into my heart! EVAD. I? Vic. You, Evadne! Evadne, you-you have stabbed me to the soul,

Turned the Elysium prospects in the vale Of my young life, as ruined church-yards bleak, And of my springing joys, and blossoming hopes, Made all a desolation. Why, Evadne,

Why did you ever tell me that you loved me?

Why was I not in mercy spurned away, Scorned, like Ludovico? for unto him You dealt in honour, and despised his love: But me you soothed and flattered—sighed and blushed— And smiled and wept, for you can weep; (even now (2) ? () Your tears flow by volition, and your eyes Convenient fountains have begun to gush,) To stab me with a falsehood yet unknown In falsest woman's perfidy?

EVAD. Vicentio, Why am I thus accused? What have I done? of About of the Vic. What!—are you grown already an adept ! I !! In cold dissimulation? Have you stopped All access from your heart into your face?

Do you not blush?

EVAD. I do, indeed, for you! made in a william out the Vic. The King?

EVAD The King? Vic. Come, come, confess at once, and wear it high! Upon your towering forehead swell your port is it of Away with this unseemly bashfulness, and and I don't side That will be deemied a savageness at court-

EVAD. Injurious man!

Vic. The very winds from the four parts of heaven Blewit throughout the city-

Eyan. And if angels

Cried, trumpet-tongued, that I was false to you,
You should not have believed it.—You forget

Who dares to stain a woman's honesty,
Does her a wrong, as deadly as the brand
He fears upon himself.—Go, go, Vicentio—
You are not what I deemed you!—Mistress? fie!
Go, go, Vicentio! let me not behold
The man who has reviled me with a thought
Dishonouring as that one!—Oh! Vicentio,

Do I deserve this of you?

Vio. Are these tears

The counterfeits of grief? that sob appeared

The breaking of the heart from which it came.

If I had wronged her—but that cursed scroll—

EVAD. It is much better we should meet no more—Leave me, my lord!—Mistress!—

Vic. If I had wronged her!-

Were it possible, Ludovico, Who, well I know, doth at his heart abhor me, Had framed a counterfeit?

Evap. I will not descend
To vindicate myself—dare to suspect me—
My lord, I am to guess that you came here,
To speak your soul's revolt, and to demand

Your plighted vows again—If for this
You tarry here, I freely give you back
Your late repented faith—Ramwell for ever!

.... As she is going out L.

Vic. Evadne!

Evad. Well, my lord?—

Vic. Evadne, stay!—

Evad. Vicentio!

[With a look of reproaching remonstrance.

Vic. Let me look in thy face.

Sure if a fiend did with a look like thine
Appear before the golden gates of heaven,
The guarding-angel there would think it was
A sister-spirit of the blessed, and bid
The harmonious hinges turn to let thee in.

Oh! 'tis impossible!—I was bemocked,
And cheated by that villain!—nothing false
Sure ever looked like thee, and if thou wilt from
But swear—

EVAD. What should I swear?

Vic. That you did not

Betray me to the King.

EVAD. Never!-

Vic. Nor e'er

Didst write in love to him?

EVAD. Oh! never, never!—I perceive, Vicentio,
Some villain hath abused thy credulous ear—
But no!—I will not now inquire it of thee—
When I am calmer—I must hence betimes,
To chase these blots of sorrow from my face,—
For if Colonna should behold me weep,
So tenderly he loves me, that I fear

His hot, tempestuous nature—Why, Vicentio, which was for Do you still wrong me with a wildered eye That sheds suspicion? Why Vicantia .

Do you peruse me thus?

Vic. I now remember Another circumstance, Ludovico Did tell me as I came-I do not see My picture on her bosom.

EVAD. Well, Vicentio,

Hath justoury's wild flow returned again? Does the tide rise henceth the ruling moon?

Vic. When I departed hence, about your neck I hung my pictured likeness, which mine eyes, Made keen by jealous vigilance, perchance Desire upon your breast.

EVAD. And, is that all? And in such fond and petty circumstance Seek you suspicion's nourishment?-Vicentio, I must disclose my weakness-here, Vicentio, I have pillowed your dear image on a heart You should not have distrusted.

She draws the King's Picture from her Bosom.

Here it is-

And now, my lord, suspect me if you can.

Vic. (starting.) A horrid phantom, more accursed than e'er Yet crossed the sleep of frenzy, stares upon me-Speak-speak at once-nay, do not seem of stone-

I'll turn thee back to horrid life again, And if it be the villain that has wronged me,

(2 Let it blast thee too.

EVAD. Sure, some dark spell, Some fearful witchery; I am struck to ashes,-

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Amazement, like the lightning—give it me,
And I will fix it in my very eyes,
Clasp it against my sight—'Tis not Vicentio!—
Vic. It is the King!—

EVAD. Oh! do not yield it faith,—
Give not thy senses credence! Oh, Vicentio,
I am confounded, maddened, lost, Vicentio!
Some dæmon paints it on the coloured air—
'Tis not reality that stares upon me!—
Oh! hide it from my sight!

Vic. Chance has betrayed thee,
And saves my periled honour—Here, thou all fraud,
Thou mass of painted perjury,—thou woman!—
And now I have done with thee, and pray to heaven
I ne'er may see thee more—But, hold!————
Recall that wish again—The time will come
When I would look on thee—a little while

Thou wilt roll in gilded infamy along,
With all the pomp that tends the courtly sin
Done in a prince's arms—Thou wilt appear
High in thy regal state, as in the car
Of swan-drawn Venus!—But, be sure at last
Thy turn will come, for Love has got his wheel
As well as Fortune—then, Evadne, then,

When the world's scorn is on thee, let me see
Thee, old in youth, and bending 'neath the load
Of sorrow, not of time—then let me see thee,
And mayest thou, as I pass, lift up thy head
But once from the sad earth, and then, Evadne,
Look down again for ever?

[Erit./C.

(EVADNE at first not perceiving that he is gone, and recovering from her stupefaction.

EVAD. I will swear—
Give it back to me—Oh! I am innocent!

* G.D. Contan Colonna, in time & se bicentic so of

[Act II.

Ener County she rushes up to him, mistaking to K.I.C.
him for a moment for VICENTIO.

By heaven, I am innocent!

Con. Who dares to doubt it,—
Who knows thee of that noble family
That cowardice in man, or wantonness
In woman never tarnished?—

Evad. He is gone! (aside.)

Col. But, how is this, Evadue? In your face I read a wildered air has ta'en the place.

Of that placidity that used to shine.

For ever on thy holy countenance.

Evan. Now, as I value my Vicentio's life— Col. One of love's summer clouds, I doubt me, sister, Hath floated o'er you, tho''twere better far That it had left no rain-drops.—What has happened?

EVAD. There's nothing has befallen, only-

Col. What, only?

EVAD. I pray you pardon me—I must begone!

Col. Evadne, stay! let me behold you well— Why do you stand at distance? nearer still, Evadne!—

EYAD. Well?-

Col. Vicentio-

EVAD. (assuming an affected lightness of manner)

Why, Colonna-

Think you that I'm without my sex's arts, And did not practise all the torturings 'That make a woman's triumph!

Con. Twas not well.

I hoped thee raised above all artifice
That makes thy sex but infancy matured.
I was at first inclined to follow him,
And ask what this might mean?

EVAD. Then he had told
That I had played the tyrant.—Had you seen
How like my peevish lap-dog he appeared
Just beaten with a fan—Ha! ha! Colonna,
You will find us all alike—Ha! ha! my heart
Will break if Letay longer—penden my
Colonna, Lauret language — penden my

(Bursts into tears.)

Col. Farewell!

Evad. What would you do?

Col. Let all the world

Hold me a slave, and hoard upon my head

Its gathered infamy—be all who bear

Colonna's name scom-blighted—may disgrace

Gnaw off all honour from my family,

If I permit an injury to thee

To 'scape Colonna's vengeance!—

Evad. Hold, my brother!

I will not leave thy sight!

Col. Then follow me.

And if thou art abandoned, after all
Vicentio's plighted faith, thou shalt behold—
By heavens, an emperor should not do thee wrong,
Or if he did, tho' I had a thousand lives,
I had given them all to avenge thee.—I'll inquire
Into this business; and if I find
Thou hast lost a lover, I will give him proof,
I've my right arm, and thou thy brother still!

[Exeunt. R.

7.11.

····A-C-T--III.

SCENE I.

Don in K. flot

A Street in Naples—the front of Ulivia's House.

L. Enter Ludovico and Vicentio.

LUD. THERE is Olivia's house !

Vic. Thou hast resolved me.

I thank thee for thy counsel, and at once X L.

Speed to its dread performance. [He raps at the door.

Bides the lady Olivia in her home?

SERV. She does, my lord.

[Erit. 6.2.

.Vic. Farewell, Ludovico! thou seest, my friend,

For such I ever hold thee, that I pass

The stream of destiny. Thou sayest, Ludovico,

Tis necessary for my fume.

Lup. Noless .-

By marrying Olivia you disperse
The noises that abroad did sully you,
Of having given consent to play the cloak
To the king's dalliance.

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L. Condine

Vic. Oh, speak of it

No more, Ludovico—farewell, my friend,

I will obey your counsels.— [Erit into Olivia's house. 6.2.

Lud. Fare you well,

My passionate, obsequious instrument,

Whom now I scorn so much, I scarcely let thee

Reach to the dignity of being hated.

L. Enter the KING, disguised.

King. My faithful servant, my Ludovico!

Lud. My prince! I did not hope to meet you here!

What, in this masqued attire, has made you weil

The dazzling brightness of your royalty,

And led you from your palace!

King. I have ta'en

Concealment's wonted habit, to escape

The hundred eyes of curiosity,

And, wearied with rotatory course

Of dull unchanging pleasure, sought for thee.

Shall she be mine, Ludovico?

Lun. My liege, I marvel not at the impatient throb Of restless expectation in your heart,

- " For she is fairer than the ideal forms
- " Of purest beauty in the raptured soul
- " Of him who sang Orlando's frenzied love,
- " Or the soft tale of Sion's liberty."

And know, my liege, that not in vain I toil, To wast you to her bosom, for Vicentio Renounces her for ever! Cond,

Vicentio hath renounced her?

2

Lub. Yes my liege,
Not only has abandoned her, but moved
By my wise counsels, hath already prayed
The fair Olivia's hand.

King. How, my Ludovico,
Didst thou accomplish it?
Lup. I turned to use

The passion of Olivia for round the soul

- " Of your Evadne did she wind herself;
- " That she might win some evidence at last
- " To shed into Vicentio's credulous ear
- " The maddening pestilence of jealousy.
- " And soon 'twas gained; for while Evadne traced

A letter to Vicentio, suddenly
The news of his expected coming reached
Her panting breast, and in the rush of joy,
Unfinished on her table did she leave
The page of amorous wishes, which the care
Of unperceived Olivia, haply seized,
And bore unto my hand—Vicentio's name
Was drowned in hurried vocatives of love,
As thus—" My lord—my life—my soul"—the which
I made advantage of, and did persuade him
"Twas written to your highness,—and with lights
Caught from the very torch of truest love,
I fired the furies' brands——

KING. My faithful friend!

Lud. Then with your picture did Olivia work
Suspicion into frenzy—when he came
From your Evadne's house, I threw myself,
As if by fortune, in his path—Lurged
His heated passions to my purposes,
And bade him ask Olivia's hand, to prove

How much he scomed her falsehood.—Even now He makes his suit, for there Olivia dwells, And as you came, he entered.

KING. But wherein

Will this promote the crowning of my love?

Lud. I said Colonna's self should be the first

To lead you to her arms-

KING. Thou didst, Ludovico,

The which perform'd, I 'll give thee half my realm. X R.

Lup. (aside.) You shall give all!

KING. Accomplish this, my friend,

Thou art my great Apollo!

Lub. No, my liege,

You shall be Jove, and in her arms to-night, Will taste more joys than the Olympian did

In golden showers in Danaë's yielding heart-

" Or when he shut out Phæbus from the heavens,

" And for a triple night he mock'd the form

" Of sweet Alcmena's husband-while my liege,

" I play the winged messenger of love."

KING. Ludovico, thou art as dear to me

As the rich circle of my royalty.

Farewell, Ludovico, I shall expect

Some speedy tidings from thee-fare thee well!

To-night, Ludovico.

Lup. To-night, you perish!

Colonna's dagger shall let out your blood,

And lance your wanton, and high-swelling veins .-

That I should stoop to such an infamy!

"Thy gore shall be my robe of royalty-

" I'll dress myself in purple with thy blood,

" And underneath none will discern the stain

"That now besmears my fame." - Evadne here!

[Exit. R.

L. Enter EVADAR.

Not for the king, but for myself I mean, A feast fit for the gods!

Evan. (with some agitation.) My lord Ludovico-Lun. The beautiful Evadue! do you deign
To breathe a name that is not often wont.
Thus to be wrapped in fragrance? Lovely woman!
What would the brightest maid of Italy
Of her poor servant?

EVAD. Sir, may I entreat
Your knowledge where the Count Vicentio
Bides at this present instant? I have been informed
He companied you here.

LUD. It grieves me sore
He hath done you so much wrong.

EVAD. What may you mean?

Lup. "Tis talked of in the whispering gallery,
Where Envy holds her court : "with brighter eyes,

" Each rival beauty beams; and rosier flushes,

" Poured by malevolence into the cheek

" Of tittering loveliness, proclaim how glad

" Is every woman of a woman's woe."

Who would have thought Vicentio's heart was like A play-thing stuck with Cupid's lightest plumes. Thus to be tossed from one heart to another? Or rather, who had thought that you were made. For such abandonment?

EVAD. Where, Ludovico?

A CARLO CONTRACTOR

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Advances R.

Lub. Yonder, Evadne, in Olivia's house.

Evad. Olivia's house? what would be there?

Lub. You know

Vicentio and Olivia are to-day

EVAD. My lord?

Lup. Are to be married-

Evan. Married, my lord?

Vicentio and Olivia to be married? -

Lun. I am sorty that it moves you thus—Bvadne;
Had I been used as that ingrate, be sure
I ne'er had proved like him—I would not thus
Have flung thee like a poppy from my heart,
A drowsy sleep-provoking flower—Evadne,

- I had not thus deserted you!

EVAD. Vicentio,

Olivia and Vicentio to be married?

I heard it-yes-I am sure I did-Vicentio!

Olivia to be married !- and Evadne,

Whose heart was made of adoration-

Vicentio in her house? there-underneath

That woman's roof-behind the door that looks

To shut me out from hope-I will myself-

[Advancing, then checking herself.]

111111111111111111

I do not dare to do it—but he could not—
He could not use me thus—he could not—Ha!

WICENTIO enters from OLIVIA'S House. G. 2

Vic. Evadue here?

EVAD. Would I had been born blind,
Not to behold the fatal evidence
Of my abandonment!—Am I condemned
Even by the ocular proof, to be made sure
That I'm a wretch for ever!—

Vica Does she come

•
After the fashion of all womanhind, april , Land of it
To bate me with reproaches? or does she dare to strong
To think that she can angle me again
To the vile pool wherein she meant to catch me?
I'll pass her with the bitterness of scorn,
Has falsahaad has autosted from my heart,
Nor seem to know her present to my sight. X L.
[He passes Evadnu.
She looks upon me with a openchlose gase,
That cooms half corrow, half entenishment,
Now I am at least revenged. [Going. 1.
Evan. My lord, I pray you-
My lord, I dare entreat—Vicentio—
Vic. Who calls upon Vicentio? Was it you?
What would you with him, for I bear the name.
Evan. Sir, I—
Vic. Go on—I'll taunt her to the quick—
Ludevice, Libert thee fee thy less
In the deep eciones of a warman's beart.
Evan. My lord, I-
Vic. Pray you speak-I cannot guess
By such wild broken phrase what you would have
. Of one who knows you not.
Evan. Not know me?
Vic. No-
Let me look in your face—there is indeed
Some faint resemblance to a countenance
Once much familiar to Vicentio's eyes,
But 'tis a shadowy one—she that I speak of
Was full of virtues as the milky way
Upon a frozen night is thick with stars.
She was as pure as an untasted fountain,
Fresh as an April blossom, kind as love,
As moch as patience, as soligion help,

And good as infants giving charity!—
Such was Evadne—fare you well!

EVAD. My lord,

Is't true what I've heard?-

Vic. What have you heard?

EVAD. Speak—are you to be married—let me hear it— Thank God I've strength to hear it.

Vic. I scarce guess

What interest you find in one that deems Himself a stranger to you.

EVAD. Sir-

Vic. But if

You are indeed solicitous to learn

Aught that imports me, learn that I to-day

Have asked the fair Olivia's hand, in place of one—

EVAD. You have bedewed with tears, and that henceforth Will feel no lack of tears, though they may fall From other eyes than yours.—So then, Vicentio, Fame did not wrong you—You are to be married?—

Vic. To one within whose heart as pure a fire As in the shrine of Vesta long has burned.

Not the coarse flame of a corrupted heart,

To every worship dedicate alike,

A false perfidious seeming.

EVAD. I implore you

To spare your accusations.—I am come—

Vic. Doubtless, to vindicate yourself.— Evan. Oh, no!—

An angel now would vainly plead my cause Within Vicentio's heart—therefore, my lord, I have no intent to interrupt the rite That makes that lady yours; but I am come Thus breathless as you see me—would to God

I could be tearless too!—you will think, perhaps, That 'gainst the trembling fearfulness I sin, That best becomes a woman, and that most Becomes a sad abandoned one.—

Vic. Evadne-

Evadne, you deceive yourself.

EVAD. I knew

I should encounter this Vicentio,

False as you are-

Vic. Perfidious—pardon me,

I have not e'en the right to upbraid you now—
We are henceforth as strange as tho' our eyes
Had never yet encountered.

EVAD. Oh, Vicentio,

I will endure all dis-nay, more, my lord, Hear all the vengeance I intend.—

Vic. Go on .-

EVAD. May you be happy with that happier maid
That never could have loved you more than I do,
But may deserve you better!—May your days,
Like a long stormless summer, glide away,
And peace and trust be with you!—May you be

The after-patterns of felicity,
That lovers, when they wed, may only wish
To be as blest as you were—loveliness
Dwell round about you like an atmosphere
Of our soft southern air, where every flower
In Hymen's yellow wreath may bloom and blow!
Let nature with the strong domestic bond
Of parent tenderness unite your hearts
In holier harmony; and when you see
What you both love, more ardently adore!

And when at last you close your gentle lives,

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Net to be perfous of me ramp grant.

Vic. He picture, my that he mission you heart-

There out a very swellings of poor in

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1. VAD. To Capt a topic of the - o - day out of the

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Blameless as they were blessed, may you fall
Into the grave as softly, as the leaves
Of two sweet roses on an autumn eve,
Beneath the small sighs of the western wind,
Drop to the earth together !—for myself—
I will but pray—(sobbing.) I will but pray, my lord.

Vic. I must become else she may soon remin

Vic. I must begone, else she may soon regain A mastery o'er my nature.

Evan. Oh, Vicentio,

I see that I am doomed a trouble to you.

I shall not long be so. I soon shall cease

To be of care to you, or to myself,

Or to aught else in this gay glittering moth!

There 's but one trouble I shall ever give

To any one again. I will but pray

The Maker of the lonely beds of peace

To open one of his deep hollow ones,

Where misery goes to sleep, and let me in;

If ever you chance to pass beside my grave,

I am sure you'll not refuse a little sigh,

And if my friend, (I still will call her so)

My friend, Olivia, chide you, prithee tell her

Not to be jealous of me in my grave.

Vic. The picture? in your bosom—near your heart—
There on the very swellings of your breast,
The very shrine of chastity, you raised
A foul and cursed idol!—Speak, Fradne,
L'Il try to lend thee feith any Lancilling.

EVAD. You did not give me time—no—not a moment To think what villany was wrought, to make me So hateful to your eyes—It is too late, You are Olivia's, I have no claim to you—You have renounced me—

Vic. Come, confess—confess—

Evan. What then should I confess? that you, that heaven,
That all the world seem to conspire against me,
And that I am accursed—But let me hold——
I waste me in the selfishness of woe,
While life perchance is periled—Oh, Vicentio,

Prithee avoid Colonna's sight!

Vic. Evadne?-

You do not think to fright me with his name?

EVAD. Vicentio, do not take away from me
All that I've left to love in all the world!

Avoid Colonna's sight to-day—Vicentio,
Only to-day avoid him—I will find

Some way to reconcile him to my fate—
1'll lay the blame upon my hapless head!—
Only to-day, Vicentio.

R. 2. C. Enter COLONNA.

Where is thy dignity? where is the pride

Meet for Colonna's sister?—hence!—my lord—

Low What would you, Sir?

Col. Your life—you are briefly answered.

Look here, Sir—To this lady you preferred

Your despicable love! Long did you woo,

And when at last by constant adoration,

Her sigh revealed that you were heard, you gained

Her brother's cold assent—Well then—no more—

For I've no patience to repeat by cause

The wrong that thou hast done her. It has reached

Colonna's ear that you have abandoned her—

The state of the section of the second telling is the section I ray the spill was to be beginned the long of all I fee ! . They are good a live or control of the second of the series are the standard and the series of the series of the series of I was a support to a company to prove it the same or store it To see to a retirem Ve all only is to see your your of the received it at me been a stanger of telling and mile the state of the s I they was a tree of an early a sould fast to the win to be all as a second Marilla in the mark to the state of the file . At his first regard of greater that he have high men in the his the first war and the final state of the sta And the same of th is the a till in what is not supporte to long the cold part of the in the sum or continue of the interior of the continue of the

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175 T. 17 6 . 10.

It rings thro' Naples, my good lord-now, mark meI am her brother-

Vic. Well---

I have no injury you should resent
In such a fearful fashion—I—my brother—
I am sure I never uttered a complaint
Heaved with one sigh, nor shed a single tear.
Look at me, good Colonna!—now, Colonna
Can you discern a sorrow in my face?
I do not weep—I do not—look upon me—
Why I can smile, Colonna.

[Bursts into tears.]

Col. You weep, Evadue! but I'll mix your tears
With a false villain's blood.—If you have left

A sense of aught that 's noble in you still—

Vic. My lord, you do mistake, if you have hope Vicentio's name was e'er designed to be
The cloak of such vile purpose—

Cor. How? explain-

I understand you not.

EVAD. Forbear, Colonna;

Before your face, and in the face of heaven,

I do resign him-let his vows to me

Be razed from out the registry of sin,

As they are from my bosom—I forgive him,

And may heaven follow my example too!

Cor. But I will not, Evadne—I shall deal
In briefest phrase with you—Is't true, my lord,
You have abandoned her?

Vic. Is't true, my lord,

That to the King

Cor. The King?! edine

5

[Exit. L.

Vic. And could you think

That I am to be made an instrument

For such a foul advancement? do you think

That I would turn my name into a cloak?-

EVAD. Colonna, my dear brother. Oh, Vicentio!

My love, my life, my-pardon me, my lord,

I had forgot-I have no right to use

Words that were once familiar to my lips:

But, for Heaven's sake, I do implore you here-

CoL, Sir, you said something, if I heard aright,

Touching the King-explain yourself.

Vic. I will!

I will not wed his mistress!

EVAD. (with reproach.) Oh, Vicentio!

Col. Whom mean you, Sir?

Vic. Look there!

Col. Evadne! ha?

Vic. Evadne! ait clas!

Col. (strikes him.) Here's my answer! follow me!

Beyond the city's gates, I shall expect you.

EVAD. (clinging to VICENTIO, who has drawn his:

strord), and kneeling to him

You shall not stir!

Vic. If from his heart I poured

A sea of blood, it would not now content me.

Insolent villain! dost thou stay me back?

Away! unloose me!

EVAD. Hear me!

Vic. Dost thou dare

Still like my honour's shroud to hang about me?

EVAD. Olivia, hear me—listen to my cry—It is thy husband's life that now I plead for;

Learnet hold his growns, but I have

Thou wilt have power upon him Save, oh, save him!

Vic. Then must I fling thee from me—Now I am free, And swift as lightning on the whirlwind's wings.

I rush to my revenge! [Exit Vicentio].

EVADNE, who has fallen upon her knees in her struggle

Oh with VICENTIO.

EVAD. God belp my heart!

Choak not, thou struggling spirit, in my breast, But leave me still the power to lift the cry That bursts within my bosom !—hear me, Olivia! Olivia, hear me!

12. D. Enter OLIVIA from her House.

Like one that with a frantic energy
In fire cries out for life?

L. EVAD. I cry for life-

Vicentio's life-Colonna's life-Olivia,

Look not thus cold and marble on my face—

I do not come to chide thee.—To thy love

I will resign him all, but, on my knees,

I beg thee to preserve him!

OLIV. Whom dost talk off?

EVAD. You have power o'er him that I no more possess

Had he e'er loved me as he loves thee now,

I had been stronger when around his neck....

I flung me to preserve him Oh, my friend!

Colonna, maddened at my miseries,

And I confess that I am miserable,

Hath vowed a horrid vengeance, and even now

He smote Vicentio!

OLIV. Heaven!

Evan. I prithee, look not

Misdoubtingly upon me-do not ask

The touch of their cold corpses to convince thee—Oh! fly to save—thy husband—he will heed
Thy supplication, though he scorn my tears—
Why dost thou stand thus muttering to thyself?

Hast thou not wings to save him?

OLIV. Tam punished

With dreadful retribution! from my heart...
All my base fraud is driven into my lips,
And in the dire confession of my guilt

Thou art avenged, Evadne!—To himself I dare not own it—but to thee reveal The vileness I have practised.

EVAD. Speak!

Oliv Evadne,

I have foully wronged thee—yet, what I have done
Was by a dæmon uttered to my heart.
The hasty moments will not let me now
Detail the base machinery of my sin.
But with a letter—

EVAD. Ha! it breaks upon me!
The light is blazing in my brain—the picture?
Olivia—speak—the picture?

OLIV. When to me

Thou didst commit that token of his heart,

In the wild rapturous tremor of thy joy,

I seized advantage of Vicentio's coming,

And placed within thine unsuspecting hand—

EVAD. That horrid image that appeared to fill-My bosom with perdition, and did make me Unto myself so horrible—'twas you— It was my friend Olivia!

OLIV. The strong power
Of an unhappy passion, stung to rage

By a false villain's counsels, drove me on—
But the black sin was only half my own—
EVAD. What must be guilt, when it is such a hell
But to seem guilty?—but I pardon thee—
For after having plunged my soul in fire,
Thou hast steeped me in Elysium.

OLIV. I myself,

Will to the king, and bid him send his power To interpose between them—thou, Evadne, Wilt speak my guilt.

EVAD. Oh, my Vicentio!

What a triumphant heart I bear to thee,
I feel it trembling like a happy bird
Just loosened to the air, with wings outspread
To soar to its own liquid element!
Love give thy swiftest pinions to my flight,
Waft me to my unkind Vicentio,
That I may play the tyrant for awhile,
Chide him with fond reproach, until at last
I throw myself all rapturous in his arms,
Burst into tears of transport, and forgive him!

Litter Con-

Taylor

I fly to save, and comfort your and the month

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

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[AOT IV

Ours. Lings b,

ACT IV. Sandy & wind roll a AI

The Bay, and how of Prafte Carl

L. Enter COLONNA and VICENTIO, with their Swords drawn-

Will suit our purpose well, for you or I was take its measure ere the sun be set. [Ereunt.]

L. 2. C. Ludovico enters as they go off:

Lub. Ha! there they go!—the furies, with their whips
Of hissing serpents, lash you to your fate—
My dull and passionate ools—you fall at last
Into the pit I have dug for you—the grave.—
You grasp the murdering hilt, while I, in thought,
Already clench the glorious staff of empire.
I hate you both!—One of you has denounced me—
The other, robbed me of a woman's love,—
And both would in the state employ their power
To cut the eagle-pinions of my soul,

77 1 23.

L. Colonna.

Occupio a sala de la compania del compania del compania de la compania del la compania de la compania del la compania de la compania del la compan

L.2. Ludovico

Linder Condresse of the first on order

Vic. I follow, Siz - he re get instruud al e e gross.
Will seit nur purpoir well, he gan he l.
Misst tale his messure ore con the be we.

Level inters as they go off

Four Hall there they go -- the furies, with their visions of hissing supports, both you to your face.

It y tall and presidence of one-- tou fall at live.

Into the pet I have done for your the even.

I no group the unital end by while the Usought.

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Asier Russia.

Evan. I'm howen's also where's you are Tell me police was may may paged—doth nor this lead. To the rostere yes, of the roll —illy Laterical. My load, my tora—my brother, and Vesuthe——

Lon. I know it all-mod I shall tank the fate 'That incide Lad who the main type 'Don' blust tidady- to Ryddice's carYour brother and Yu catto. ---

Brane Special and a foot of

This payers agreed think in real

No long research to be to the most

But blo in the resear in his against Chase terror was the content of the content

Nor let me perch upon the glorious top
Of golden royalty where I aspire ! I a wife of all
They have already entered in the grove " " " " in the
Of funeral express, that above their heads
Honge in pale suguey Now they are lost
Amid the crowded trunks—and yet a moment with indi
And they will be about it !- Now, Vicentio, I ha had
Thy fate is sealed—Colonna's arm is famed on will en
Where all are skilled in death, and on thy breast
The fierce, impetuous soldier turns the point of nod I
Where sits mortality! Ha! who comes here? I would!
Evadne!—yes—my eyes deceive me not—
Twas happiest chance that led me to the field-
She must be interrupted—let me think—
I have it—
LEnter EVADNB.
L. Enter EVADNB.
LEnter EVADNE. Evad. For heaven's sake, whoe'er you are,
LEnter EVADNE. EVAD. For heaven's sake, whoe'er you are, Tell me which way they passed—doth not this lead
LEnter EVADNE. EVAD. For heaven's sake, whoe'er you are, Tell me which way they passed—doth not this lead To the eastern gate of the city—Ha! Ludovico!
Lenter EVADNE. Evad. For heaven's sake, whoe'er you are, Tell me which way they passed—doth not this lead To the eastern gate of the city—Ha! Ludovico! My lord, my lord—my brother, and Vicentio—
Lun. I know it all—and I shall thank the fate
Ludovico! Ludovico the messenger Ludovico the messenger
Lub. I know it all—and I shall thank the fate That made Ludovico the messenger Of such blest tidings to Evadne's ear—
Lub. I know it all—and I shall thank the fate That made Ludovico the messenger Of such blest tidings to Evadne's ear— Your brother and Vicentio.— Lub. I know it all—and I shall thank the fate That made Ludovico the messenger Of such blest tidings to Evadne's ear— Your brother and Vicentio.—
Ludovico the messenger Of such blest tidings to Evadne's ear— Your brother and Vicentio. Evad. Speak, my lord— To the eastern gate of the city—Ha! Ludovico! My lord, my lord—my brother, and Vicentio— Lud. I know it all—and I shall thank the fate That made Ludovico the messenger Of such blest tidings to Evadne's ear— Your brother and Vicentio.— Evad. Speak, my lord— For heaven's sake, speak! Lud. They are secure—thank heaven,
Ludovico the messenger Of such blest tidings to Evadne's ear— Your brother and Vicentio— Evad. Speak, my lord— Evad. Speak, my lord— Evad. Speak, my lord— Evad. Speak, speak!

Chase terror from those eyes, and beam, sweet maid,

In still and peaceful leveliness!

But bloom in soft tranquillity again!

	Evan. Secure I qui di la qui da la pi da la pri la la porti
	My brother and Vicentio are secure; 1 mobile 10
	Their purpose is prevented—Oh, my lord, o.m. o.m.
	Do you not mock me with a sound so blest? Instanting
	Lup. By providential circumstance, hefore
	Their purpose was accomplished, both were seized, Limit.
•	And all their furious passions are as hushed : (91', 101.
	As the still waters of you peaceful bay.
	EVAD. Ludovico, I cannot speak how much the great il
	Thou has bound me to thee, by the holy sounds, and and I
	Thou hast breathed upon mine ear!—But, tell me, Sir, !:
	Where, how, and when was this? What blessed hand
1	Between their wrath hath stretched its heavenly mercy,
1	And saved two lives more dear unto my heart
I	Than the strong pulse of life, thy words have waked
l	To such a rapturous throbbing?-Speak, my lord,
	To whom should I fall down, and from mine eyes
	Strive to pour out my bosons in my team?
	Lun. Twas 1!
	EVAD. Twas you, Ludovico?
	Lub. The same!
,	Hearing Olivia's marriage with Vicentio,
	I saw the dreadful issue, and I flew
	With the strong arm of power to intercept them. [
	Evan. Twas you, Ludovico-what shall I say? I mail
	I know not what to tell you—But, God bless you!
	A thousand times God bless you!—On my knees, 77
	And at your feet I thank you. [She kneels.
ſ	Lub. They are about it!
1	[Aside, and looking towards the grove.
١	"How beautiful she looks!—I never yet
	" Beheld a fairer creature!-Oh, Vicentio-
1	"Did she prefer thee to me?—let it be so-

"She yet will be mine own!—Arise, Evadne!

" If I had given my life, upon my grave

"You should not thus have thanked me-beautiful woman!

"The gaze of those soft eyes, and the soft touch

" Of those fair hands I dare to press in mine,

"Have given me boundless recompense-Evadne!-

" Evan. My lord, I pray you-

Lup. Beautiful Evadne!

Loveliest beneath the skies, where every thing lovelies Grows lovely as themselves Nay, do not bend Your eyes, and hide beneath these fleecy clouds Stars beaming as the evening one, nor turn That cheek away, that, like a cold rose, seems Besprankt with snow!-nor strive to win from me Those hands, which he who formed the lily, formed With imitative whiteness-I will presume, For your dear sight hath made a madman of me, the state of To press my rapture here-

Kisses her hand

EVAD. My lord, I own,

That you surprise me, and were I not bound in him in it By strenuous obligation, I should say,

Perchance, you did offend me-But I will not! int you !!

Accept my gratitude, and be you sure

These thanks are from a warm and honest heart.

Farewell-I do forgive-

LUD. You fly me then!

EVAD. I do not fly your presence, but I go

To seek my brother's bosom-

Lup. And Vicentio's!

EVAD. You would be merry, Sir.

Lup. I have not cause-

Nor shall you, Madam-You would fly me thus, ""

To rush at once into my rival's armening and him together	0 0
Nay, do not start—he well deserves the name - 4 1 11 "	
I know him by no other. The a board has also denoit "	
Evan. Sir, I hope	
You will not revive a subject that has long! did use the it?	
Between us been forgotten	
Lub. What! forgotten?	
I did not think to hear it—said you forgotten t. A .a .d	~
Nay, do not think you leave me-in return and section of	
For such small service as I have done to-day, and and	
I beg your audience—tell me what 's forgotten?	
I would hear it from your lips.	
Evan. I did not mean—	
Forgive, and let me go. × R.	
Lup. What? what forgotten? . In and il	
Your heartlessness to all the maddening power that the	
Of the tumultuous passions in my heart!	
What! what forgotten? all the injuries " to the point of the same points."	
You have cast upon my head—the stings of fire	
You have driven into my soul-my agonies,	
My tears, my supplications, and the groans more to the	
Of my indignant spirit! I can hold	
My curbed soul no more—it rushes out!	
What! what forgotten?—me—Ludovico!	
EVAD. I pray you, my good lord, for heaven's sake, hear	
me.	
Lub. What! to behold him like a pilferer,	
With his smooth face of meanless infancy,	
And his soft moulded body, steal away	
That feathered thing, thy heart.	
Evad. Ludovico,	
What may this sudden fury mean?—you do	

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But act these horrid passions to affright me ! If all will
For you to-day preserved him, did you not?
Did you not say you saved Vicentio?
Lub. I will permit you shortly to embrace him-
I will nothing detain you from his arms - 20 100 ghang?
But you will find him grown as cold a lover
As moonlight statues—his fond arms will hang and and area
In loosened idleness about your form,
And from those lips where you were wont imbibe would thick
The fiery respiration of the heart,
You will touch the coldness of the unsunned snow, which the
Without its purity. Evan. I now perceive
EVAD. I now perceive
What you would hint, my lord; -doubtless you doem would him.
Vicentio hath preferred Olivia's love?
LUD. If you can wake his heart to love again, and hall
I'll hold you for a sorceress—no, Evadne,
You ne'er shall be Vicentio's—but mine!
Evan. Yours!
Lup. Mine!—I have said it, and before to-night
I'll verify the prophecy.
DVAD. I know not
What lies within the dark and horrid cave : figure 1 and late i
Of your imagination; but be sure
I had rather clasp Vicentio dead. I see
That you recoil with passion.
Lub. By the fires—
Down, down, my burning heart 1-So you would rather
Within Vicentio's cold and mouldering shroud well and real
Warm into love, than on this beating heart?
But, beit so-you will have occasion soon and and the soon
To try the experiment,—and then, Evadne,
You will more aptly judge. (196, 196) and a quarter of the deal

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Evan. Hat a strong glare, a cong timed weath the full
Like the last flash from sinking ships, has poured or not toil
A horrid radiance on me-Ha! Ludovico- an tour novelist
Let it be frenzy that before my face and and in and
Spreads out that sheet of blood thou find from balls !! 7 1
Lub. Well, my Evadne?
EVAD. Dæmon, hast thou mocked me? While out the
Lup. Didst thou not scorn-didst thou not madden me?.:
Didst thou not-Ha! X 12. [Perceiving COLONNA.!.
By heavens, it is himself!—
All is accomplished—and upon my front - 9 in
Methinks I clasp the round of royalty!
Already do I clasp thee in mine arms!-
Evadne!-There-look there-Colonua comes, X & . L.
And on that weapon flaming from afar.
He bears the vengeance of Ludovico. It was a margin will be
S.P. 's I manage P
[Erit Ludovico L
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R. Enter COLONNA with Sword, Hong
R. Enter COLONNA with Sword, Hong
R.Enter COLONNA with Sword, Hong
Col. Evadne, here! Evad. My brother!
Col. Evadne, here! Evad. My brother! Col. Call me so—
Col. Evadne, here! Evad. My brother! Col. Call me so— For I have proved myself to be thy brother.
Col. Evadne, here! Evad. My brother! Col. Call me so— For I have proved myself to be thy brother.
Col. Evadne, here! Evad. My brother! Col. Call me so— For I have proved myself to be thy brother.
Col. Evadne, here! Evad. My brother! Col. Call me so— For I have proved myself to be thy brother. Look here!— Evad. There's blood upon it!
Col. Evadne, here! Evad. My brother! Col. Call me so— For I have proved myself to be thy brother. Look here!— Evad. There's blood upon it! Col. And there should be. Evad. Thou hast—
Col. Evadne, here! Evad. My brother! Col. Call me so— For I have proved myself to be thy brother. Look here!— Evad. There's blood upon it! Col. And there should be.
Col. Evadne, here! Evad. My brother! Col. Call me so— For I have proved myself to be thy brother. Look here!— Evad. There's blood upon it! Col. And there should be. Evad. Thou hast— Col. I have revenged thee! Evad. Thou hast slain— Villain, thou hast slain— Villain, thou hast slain Vicentio?
Col. Evadne, here! Evad. My brother! Col. Call me so— For I have proved myself to be thy brother. Look here!— Evad. There's blood upon it! Col. And there should be. Evad. Thou hast— Col. I have revenged thee! Evad. Thou hast slain— Villain, thou hast slain— Villain, thou hast slain Vicentio?
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R. Ludovico a land to the state

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But, for a wrong to thee—Why dost thou look Up to the heavens with such a wildered gaze?

EVAD. To curse thee and myself, and all the world!

Villain, thou hast slain Vicentio—thou hast slain him

Who was as dear unto my frantic heart,

As thou art horrible!—and 'tis to me

Thou comest to tell it too—thou comest to bear

That weapon weltering with my lover's blood,

And stab these blasted eye-balls—Hide thee, villain!

Hide thee within the centre of the earth!—

Thou art all made of blood—and to the sun

Art grown detestable—Vicentio!

My lord! my bosom's throb!—my pulse of life!

My soul! my joy—my love!—my all the world!

Vicentio! Vicentio! X.

Cor. No more:

He merits not thy sorrows.

EVAD. That fiend!

That villain, for whose black, accursed heart Another penal world should be created! .

Invent, Omnipotence, some fiercer orb
Than has been yet created for the damned,
And in its burning centre plunge the fiend
That mocked me into blood!

Col. Thy passionate grief

Doth touch me more than it beseems mine honour.

EVAD. Strike that infernal weapon thro' my heart!

Herc—stab me thro and thro—here—lay me dead
Before thy feet—kill me—in mercy, kill me!—
If thou wilt do it, I will promise thee
Forgiveness in the other world for all
Thy cruelty to me,—Strike, strike, Colonna—
Not on thyself do I pronounce my curse,

To pull them down on my own guilty head!—
'Twas I that murdered him—Ludovico
And I do share his life between us both,
And be it on our heads—Colonna, kill me!

Kill me, my brother!

Col. Prithee, my Evadne,

Let me conduct thy grief to secresy—

I must from hence prepare my speedy flight,

For now my head is forfeit to the law! Officer and 8

Enter SPALATRO, with Guards.

SPAL. Behold him here—Sir, I am sorry for The duty which mine office hath prescribed!
You are my prisoner.

Of little words to excuse you—I was talking
Of speeding me from Naples, as you came,
But I scarce grieve you interrupt my flight,—
Here is my sword.

SPAL. You are doomed to death!

EVAD. To death!

SPAL. The king himself,

Hearing your combat with Vicentio,

Hath sworn, that who survived, shall by the axe-

Col. You speak before a woman-I was well

Acquainted with my fate before you spoke it .-

EVAD. Death! must you die, Colonna! must you die?

Oh! no-no-no! not die, Sir,—Say not die—X6.

COL. Retire, my sister—Sir, I follow you— EVAD. Oh, not die, Colonna! no Colonna,

They snall not take thee from me!

Col. My sweet sister!

I pray you, gentlemen, one moment more—
This lady is my sister, and indeed
Is now my only kin in all the world,
And I must die for her sake—my sweet sister!

EVAD. No, no, not die, my brother—Oh! not die!

Col. Evadne! sweet Evadne! Let me hear

[EVADNE becomes gradually insensible,

Thy voice before I go—I prithee, speak—
That even in death I may remember me
Of its sweet sounds, Evadne—She has fainted!

I pray, you may not wake from Jethargy, Till the last blow shall sever me from earth—

Sir, I have a prayer to you.—

SPAL. It shall be granted.

Cor. My palace is hard by—let some of these Good guardians of the law attend me thither.

LVADNE heaves a long sigh.

Ah! what a heaving from the heart was there!
How cold this cheek—for the last time I press
A brother's kiss upon it—ha! a tear
Hangs on that eye-lid that's scarce big enough
To fall along that cold and marble face—

Evadue, for thy sake, I am almost loth

To leave a world, the which, when I am gone

Thou wilt find, I fear, a solitary one!

[Exit, bearing EVADNE, and followed by Guards.]

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A Prison.

R. Enter Ludovico, meeting SPALATRO. L

Lup. Not have where is Colonia? when To sell me he receiped - Not get anised

SPAL. Guarded he bore .

His sister to his palace, from the which

He will be soon led here .-

" Lup If he had 'scaped,

"My projects from this teening brain at once

" Abortively were ripped. But, as it is,

" His momentary absence doth become

"What I would speak to thee_I prithee here"

Spalatro, as I passed, a rumour came,

Colonna's sword had but half done the work,

And that Vicentio was not stabled to death-

If he still lives—but till I am sure of it.

No need to speak my resolution,

-Thou art his friend-

SPAL. Such I'm indeed accounted,

But, save yourself, none doth deserve the name.

Lup. Then, hie thee hence, Spalatro, to inform me,

If yet Vicentio breathes, and afterwards, Spal. X R. I'll make some trial of thy love to me. [Erit SPALATRO. 12.

L. Enter COLONNA and Guards.

Col. Conduct me to my dungeon !- I have parted

From all that bound my bosom to the world-Ludovico!-

Lup. The same!

Cor. Come you, my lord, To swill with drunken thirst, the poor revenge

That makes a little mind's ignoble joy?

Lun. Guards! I discharge Colonna from your care,-

He is no more your prisoner-Hence ! ..

Execut Guards.

My lord,

Such is the vengeance of Ludovico!

Cor. What is a man doomed to the stroke of death To understand by this?

Lup. That I am his friend

. Who called me traitor!

Col. Such I call you still.

Lup. Well then, I am a traitor.

Cot. There is here

A kind of marvellous honesty, my lord.

Lup. In you 'twas nobleness to bear the charge,

And yet 'twas glory to deserve it too.

Your father was the tutor of the king,

And loyalty is your inheritance—

I am not blind to such exalted virtue,

And I resolved to win Colonna's heart,

As hearts like his are won!—Unto the king

Soon as Vicentio's fate had reached mine ear,

I hastened and implored your life.

Cor. My life!-

Well, sir, my life? - (with indifference.)

Lup. Upon my knees I fell,

Nor can I speak the joy that in my heart-

Leaped, when I heard him say, that thou should'st live.

But, for my sister's sake, whom I would not the sake it Leave unprotected on the earth, I thank you!

LUD. You have no cause to thank me, for, Colonna, He did pronounce your death, e'en as he said He gave you life.

Col. I understand you not.

Col. Go on!

" It struck me like a pestilence—it shrunk,

- " It blighted me with horror!-The sirocco,
- "If suddenly mid yonder summer sky
- " From Afric's waste upon its wings of fire
- "It rushed down to consume, would not have breath
- " More withering than the sounds which fell upon me."

I almost dread to tell thee!

Col. Prithee, speak!

You put me on the rack!

Lup. Wilt thou promise me,-

I will not ask thee to be calm, Colonna,-

Wilt promise me, that thou wilt not be mad?

Col. Whate'er it be, I will contain myself.

You said 'twas something that concern'd mine honour,

The honour of mine house-he did not dare

To say my blood should by a foul attaint

Be in my veins corrupted; from their height

The mouldering banners of my family,

Flung to the earth; the 'scutcheons of my fame ---

Trod by dishonour's foot, and my great race

Struck from the list of nobles i

Lun. No, Colonna,

Struck from the list of men!—he dared to ask

As a condition for thy life, (my tongue

Doth falter as I speak it, and my heart

Can scarcely heave) by heavens, he dared to ask

That to his foul, and impious clasp, thou should'st

Yield up thy sister—

Col. Ha!

Lup. Barter for life

By horrid immolation of her charms, Give her to profanation!—" Do not stare,

" Like one that with imperfect sense hath left

" Sleep's natural attitude, and walks abroad.

" In horrid slumber, with his eyes wide-stretched,

" As if he did commune with other worlds.

" If thou must needs be waked, I'll halloo it

"Into thine ear The king doth set a price Upon thy life, and 'tis thy sister's honour.

Col. My sister!

Lub. Aye! thy sister!

Col. What! my sister!

Lup. Yes! de you start at leath—Your sister, sir, Evadne!

Cor. Thou hast plunged into mine ear

A sword of fire, and draw'st it to and fro,

Athwart my brain-my sister!

Lup. Yes, Colonna!

The beautiful Evadne! " I scarce thought

"That living man could dare-what dost thou gaze

" With such wild aspect on?-

" Col. At red Vesuvius!-

" Dost thou not yonder see the mount of fire?

"Bellowing, and sending from the abyss of flame

22	Its entrails to the	stars-hast ever	beard
66	It was the mouth	of hell?	14 - 1
	" Lun le ie me	land	

" Lud. It is my lord,

"The people's superstition.
"Con Then I would

"Their faith were right, that to the raging brink

" Of the red bellowing crater, I might drag him,

" And down the gulfs of sulphur plunge him deep

" Into the billows of eternal fire.

" My sister!

" Lup. Hold, Colonna!"

Col. By you heaven,

I will find some way to kill him! the he had he
Bathed twenty fathoms in the amounting Store

Of his dammed royalty, I'd toor his heart out!

My sister!

Lup. Do not waste in idle wrath____

Col. My fathers! do you hear it in the tomb? Do not your mouldering remuants of the earth

Feel horrid animation in the grave,

And strive to burst the poilderous sepulchie,"

And throw it off?—My sister! oh! you heavens!

Was this reserved for me? for me !—the son

Of that great man that tutored him in arms

Of that great man that tutored him in arms,

And loved him as myself?—I know you wonder That tears are dropping from my flaming eye-fids;

But 'tis the steaming of a burning heart,

And these are drops of fire-my sister!

Lup. Now-

Do you now call me traitor? Do you think 'Twas such a crime from off my country's heart To fling this incubus of royalty?—

R.

Am I a traitor? is 't a sin, my lord,

To think a dagger were of use in Naples?

Col. Thou shalt not touch a solitary hair

Upon the villain's head!—his life is mine;

His heart is grown my property—Ludovico,

None kills him but myself!—I will, this moment,

Amid the assembled court, in face of day,

Rush on the monster, and without a sword

Tear him to pieces!

Lun. Nay, Colonna,

Within his court he might perchance escape you,—
But, if you do incline to do a deed
Antiquity would envy,—with the means
He hath furnished you himself!—He means, Colonna,
In your own house that you should hold to-night
A glorious revelry, to celebrate
Your sovereign's sacred presence; and so soon
As all the guests are parted, you yourself
Should lead your sister to him——

Col. That I should

Convert the palace of mine ancestors

Into a place of brothelry—myself!——

Tell me no more, I prithee, if thou wouldst

I should be fit for death!—

Lub. In honour be
A Roman, an Italian in revenge.
Waste not in idle and tempestuous sound
Thy great resolve.—The king intends to bear
The honour of his presence to your house,—
Nay, hold!—I'll tell him you consent—he straight
Will fall into the snare, and then, Colonna,
Make offering of his blood to thy revenge!

I'll make my vengeance certain, and commend Thy wisdom in the counselling. The hope Of shedding his hot blood, hath made me cool, " And queuch'd the fires of wrath!" LUD. Then, hie thee hence! And make meet preparation for the banquet. I'll straight return, and tell him you 're all joy . In the honour of his coming. Col. Let him bring His purple robes to make a shroud withal,-" He shall be entertained, with wines of Greece, " And glorious sumptuousness-I'll feast him high, " To make his blood the richer, with the which " I will make libation to revenge, and when " The deed is done____ " Lup. We'll fling him in the sea " From off the battlements, and send his corpse " On the rough back of some propitious wave, " Yonder to Caprea's isle, the famed abode " Of old Tiberius, where he used to drag " The daughters, wives, and sisters of the chief " Of Rome's great senate to be sacrificed " To his decrepid villany !- 'tis there, " The sea shall give him burial !- on the shore " Already sacred to atrocity, " 'Tis fit he rot! " Col. Right, right, Ludovico! " I'll hence this instant, and prepare for him-" And, prithee, haste him on to destiny!"

The rigorous muscles of my clenched hand Already feel impatience for the blow That strikes the crowned monster to the heart.

[Exeunt severally.

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SCENE I. 3. and Laps

A vast Hall in Colonna's Palace, filled with Statues. Moon streams in through the Gothic Windows, and appears to fall upon the Statues. A Chamber-door at the back.

D. 12. Enter the King and Lupovico.

Lup. THIS is the way, my liege. Colonna bade me Conduct you to your chamber, .. while he went To seek the fair Evadne, and conduct Her soft reluctance to your highness' arms.

King. Ludovico, thou hast proved thyself to-day The genius of my happier destiny: Thee must I thank, for 'twas thy rarer wit Did guide me on to heaven.

Lup. I'll send you there. (aside.)

King. When first I heard Vicentio fell beneath The hot Colonna's sword, I do confess It smote me sore, but now 'tis told abroad are the property. 119. 11 - 1 1 . . . That he hath passed all peril.

Lun. I am glad

His death does not conduct you to your joys— Vicentio bears a slight unharming wound, That sheds his blood, but perils not his life: But let him pass—let not a thought of him Flit round the couch of love.

King. Good night, my friend,
And prithee, bid Colonna swiftly lead her
To the expecting transports of my heart.
Lud. I will bid him speed her coyness.
King. Hie thee, Ludovico,

For every moment seems an age.

[Exit to Chamber. G. D.

Lub. An age!

For you, nor minute, hour, nor day, nor year, Nor age, shall shortly be. To I do not think

"In hell there is a time-glass; if the damned

- " E'er ask what time it is-I 've heard priests say
- "That conscience answers—"Tis eternity!"
- " Henceforth, my liege, there is no time for you"

Tis now the dead of night—That sounds to me Like an apt word,—for nature doth to me Shew like a giant corse—This mighty world, Its wide and highly-vaulted sepulchre, And yonder moon a tomb-lamps when the king Lies dead to boot, all things will then appear In a more full proportion.—Ha! he comes! My dull and unconscious instrument!—Colonna!

R. A. / BEnter COLONNA with a dagger.

Weicome, my friend, for such I dare to call you.— The king 's already to his bed retired, Where death will be his paramour.

Col. I have heard.

Vicentio was not wounded unto death— Would this were sooner known?

Lup. Why, my good lord?

Cor. Because the king would not have offered me Such an indignity, nor should I now Tread into murder.

You would not on the threshold of the deed
Stay tottering thus—Why, you look pales, sin,
Than one of these white statues—One would deem
It was a deed of sin, and not of honour,
That you had undertaken.

Cor. By yon heaven,

I cannot stab him like a slave that's hired

To be a blood-shedder! I cannot clench

This hand, accustomed to a soldier's sword,

Around this treacherous hilt, and with the other

Squeeze the choked spirit from the gasping throat—

Then kneel upon his bosom, and press out

The last faint sigh of life! Down, damned steel!

Fit instrument for cowards I will play

A warrior's part, and arm him for the fight!—

Dagger, hear k.

Give me thy sword that I may put defence
Into the tyrant's hand, and nobly kill him.—
Come forth!

[Going to the door...]

Lup. Hold, madman, hold!-what wouldst thou do?

Col. Bravely encounter him-not take his life

Like a mercenary stabber.

Lub. Hast thou thought

That he may be the victor too?

.Cor. My death

Will not be thought inglorious.

Lub. There's some praise

•
In falling by the hand of royalty;
But when you are laid within your sepulchre
And rot most honourably, then I fear me, we call the second
A lesser shame will not befall your house
For all the graven marbles on your tomb !- : I mat a lar
Your sister—
Cor. Ha!
Lup. Your sister will not find,
When you are dead, a bulwark in your grave,
Where will she find a guardian arm_thine arm to again with
Will be the food of the consuming worm,
While in the hot embraces of the king-, and in a nor read?
Con. I did not think on that.
Luo. But I perhaps mistake you all this while-
You have better thought upon the dignityout to part of
He means your house.
Col. You do not dare—
Lup. I dare to tell you this-
Who can forgive such injury as thine, room of the state of the
Hath half consented to it.—How is it to be a small seed the if
The glorious resolve hath cooled within thee?
Hath any thing befallen, that should have blown
On the red iron of thy heated wrath,
And steeped thee back to meekness.—Was the touch
Of his warm amorous hand, wherein he palmed
Her struggling fingers, ice upon your rage?
When he did tread upon her yielding foot a state and
Beneath the cloth of gold
Col. If I had seen it,
He had not lived an instant !!!
Lup. When you turned,
He flung his arms around, and on her cheek
He pressed his ravenous lips !- 'Sdeath, Sir,' consider-



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You pray the King of Naples to your roof,-You hail his coming in a feast that kings Could scarce exceed in glory-It is blown Thro' all the city that he sleeps to-night Within your sister's bed; and, it is said, That you, yourself, have smoothed the pillow down.

Col. Where is he? let me see him who presumes To think the blasphemy.

Lup. Behold him here! Alle I, sir-yes, I-Ludovico, dare think With every man in Naples, if the king Should leave your roof with life, that he has tasted The fruit he came to pluck.

Col. No more-no more-He perishes, Ludovico! Lup. That's well-

I am glad to see you pull into your heart X 12. take & Its brave resolve again-and if there be Aught wanting to confirm thee, think, Colonna,

Think that you give your country liberty,

While you revenge yourself!—Go, my Colonna— Yonder's the fated chamber—plunge the steel = gives the Dagger

Flow largely, fi till the floor absorb it up:

" That men hereafter journeying to Naples,

" May go to see the chamber, where the gore

" Shed by Colonna's hand doth rust for ever!"

Col. I'll call to thee when it is done.

Lup. Hark thee! he'll cry for life-and well I know The pleading for existence may have power Upon thy noble nature—then, Colonna, Drown every shriek with chaste Evadne's name, And stab him as thou criest it!

[Erit. R.d. 13

[COLONNA advances towards the chamber-door.

Col. I will do it!-

[He pushes the door, and finds, from his agitated condition, it is difficult to move.

L.11. C. (Voice exclaims) Hold!

Col. (Starting) It was only

My thought informed the air with voice around me-Why should I feel as if I walked in guilt And trod to common murder—he shall die! Come then, enraging thought, into my breast

And turn it into iron!

(Voice.) Hold!

With keen reality into mine ear.

A figure in the shadow of the moon,

Moves slowly on my sight, and now appear.

Like a fair snirit of the midnight how!

What art thou?

L. 11. C. EVADNE advances from behind the Stutnes, Jun L.

Evan. Heaven does not alone employ. The holy creatures of another world,
As heralds of its merciful behests:
But can make angels of the things of earth,
And use them in its purest minist'rings.

My brother!

Col. How, my sister! is it meet

You watch the fact full of my midnight trend?

Come you across my purpose?

EVAD. From my chamber

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Con. Westing . I was only

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That to the great hall leads, I did behold you,
In dreadful converse with Ludovico...
Your looks at the banquet did unto my fears
Forebode no blessed issue, for your smiles
Seemed veils of death, and underneath your brows
I saw the silent furies...Oh, Colonna,...
Thank Heaven, the safety of Vicentio
Has given me power to watch your dangerous steps!
What would you do?

Cor Methinks it ill pertains

To woman's humbler nature to pursue

The steps of man, and pry into his purpose.

Get thee to rest.

EVAD. Is that high front, Colonna,
One to write Cain upon?—Alas, Colonna,
I did behold you with Ludovico,
By yonder moon, and I as soon had seen thee
Commune with the great foe of all mankind—
What wouldst thou do?

Cor. Murder!

EVAD. What else, Colonna,
Couldst thou have learned from Ludovico?
Col. In yonder chamber lies the king—I go
To stab him to the heart?

Evan. 'Tis nobly done!

I will not call him king—but guest, Colonna—

Remember, you have called him here—remember

You have pledged him in your father's golden cup;

Have broken bread with him—the man, Colonna,—

Col. Who dares to set a price upon my life—What think'st thou 'twas?

EVAD. I think there's nought too dear To buy Colonna's life.

Col. Twas a vast price

He asked me then—you were to pay it too— It was my Evadne's honour.

EVAD. Ha!

Col. He gives my life upon condition—Oh, my sister! I am ashamed to tell thee what he asked.

EVAD. What! did he?-

Col. Thou dost understand me now?—

Now—if thou wilt, abide thee here, Evadne,

Where thou mayest hear his groan.

[Going in.

EVAD. Forbear, Colonna!

For Heaven's sake, stay—this was the price he asked thee?

He asked thee for thy life?—thy life?—but, no—

Vicentio lives, and—

Col. (Aside) How is this? She seems
To bear too much of woman in her heart;
She trembles—yet she does not shrink—her cheek
Is not inflamed with anger, and her eye
Darts not the lightning!—

EVAD. Oh! my dearest brother, Let not this hand, this pure, this white fair hand, Be blotted o'er with blood.

Col. Why, is it possible,

She has ta'en the sinful wish into her heart?

By Heaven, her pride is dazzled at the thought

Of having this same purple villain kneel,

And bend his crown before her—She's a woman!

Evadne!

EVAD. Well?

Col. The king expects me to

Conduct you to his chamber—Shall I do so?

Evad. I prithee, be not angry at my prayer—
But bid him come to me.

Col. What! bid him come to thee?

EVAD. And leave me with him here.

Cor. What! leave thee with him?

EVAD. Yes-1 implore it of thee-prithee, Colonna,

Conduct my sovereign here.

Col. Yes-I will try her-

I know not what she means, but, hitherto,

I deemed her virtuous .- If she fall, she dies .-

I'll here conceal myself, and if in word

She give consent, I'll rush upon them both

And strike one heart thro' the other.

EVAD. Send him to me.

Col. There's a wild purpose in her solemn eye-

I know not if 'tis sin, but I will make

A terrible experiment.—What, ho!

My liege, I bear fulfilment of my promise-

Colonna bears Evadne to your arms!

G.D. Enter the KING from the Chamber.

King. Colonna, my best friend, how shall I thank thee? But where is my Evadne?

Cor. There, my lord!

King. Colonna, I not only give thee life,

But place thee near myself; henceforth thou wilt wear

A nobler title in thy family,-

And to thy great posterity we'll send

My granted dukedom.

Cor. Sir, you honour me.

My presence is no longer needed here.

(Aside) A word's consent despatches them!

[He conceals himself behind the pillane Grit R.

KING. Evadire

Thou fairest creature that ever feasted yet

My ravished sense with beauty, whose fine form

Is full of charms, as nature in the spring
Is rich in rosy blossoms—I approach thee
With all the trembling passion that untold
Save by Ludovico,—

EVAD. Ludovico!

King. Yes, my Evadne, to his trusty care
I did commit my fires—nay, do not feign
This pretty wonderment,—my sweet Evadne,
Let me conduct you by the fairest hand
That man hath ever touched—

EVAD. (Retiring) I pray you, sir-

And drooping aspect in this hour of joy!

Stoop not the head, that like a pale rose heads

Upon its yielding stall—thou hast no cause

For such a soft abashment, for be sure

I'll place thee high in honour.

L. Evan. Honour, sir! -

R. Kino. Yes; I'll exalt thee into dignity,
Adorn thy name with titles—All my court
Shall watch the movement of thy countenance,
Riches and power shall wait upon thy smile,
And in the lightest bending of thy brow
Death and disgrace inhabit.

EVAD. And, my liege,
That will inhabit my own heart?
Kino. My love!

Come, my Evadne—what a form is here?
The imaginers of beauty did of old
O'er three rich forms of sculptured excellence
Scatter the naked graces; but the hand
Of mightier nature hath in thee combined
All varied charms together.

[Going to a Statue. 12. 2000

EVAD. You were speaking

Of sculpture, sir—I do remember me,
You are deemed a worshipper of that high art,

Whose bright creation lighting on the dead And shapeless marble, turns it into life, And mimicking divinity can make

Its breathing mass immortal! Here, my lord,

Is matter for your transports! [Pointing to the Statues.

KING. Fair Evadne!

Do you not mean to mock me? Not to gaze
On yonder lifeless marbles did I come
To visit you to-night, but in the pure,
And blue-veined alabaster of a breast,
Richer than heaves the Parian that has wed
The Florentine to immortality.—

Evan. You deem me of a light capricious mood,
But it were hard if, (woman as I am)
I could not use my sex's privilege—
Tho' I should ask you for yon orb of light,
That shines so brightly, and so sadly there,
And fills the ambient air with purity—
Should you not feign, as 'tis the wont of those
Who cheat a wayward child, to draw it down,
And in the sheeted splendour of a stream
To catch its shivering brightness!—It is my pleasure
That you should look upon these reverend forms,
That keep the likeness of mine ancestry—
I must enforce you to it!—

King. Wayward woman!
What arts does she intend to captivate
My soul more deeply in her toils?
EVAD.

Behold!

The glorious founder of my family!

It is the great Rodolpho! The was famed

When heroes filled the world, and deeds that now

Are miracles, were the unmarvelled growth

Of every day's succession! Charlemagne

Did fix that sun upon his shield, to be

His glory's blazoned emblem; for at noon,

When the astronomer cannot discern

A spot upon the full-orbed disk of light,

Tis not more bright than his immaculate name!

With what austere, and dignified regard He lifts the type of purity, and seems Indignantly to ask, if aught that springs From blood of his, shall dare to sully it

With a vapour of the morning!

King. It is well;

His frown has been attempered in the lapse
Of generations, to thy lovely smile,—
I swear, he seems not of thy family.—
My fair Evadne, I confess, I hoped
Another sort of entertainment here.

EVAD. Another of mine ancestors, my liege—Guelfo the Murderer! _ Ratice £3.2.

KING. The Murderer!

I knew not that your family was stained With the reprough of blood.

EVAD. We are not wont

To blush, tho' we may sorrow for his sin,
If sin indeed it be.—His castle walls

Were circled by the siege of Saracens,—
He had an only daughter whom he prized

More than you hold your diadem; but when

He saw the fury of the infidels

Burst through his shattered gates, and on his child Dishonour's hand was lifted, with one blow He struck her to the heart, and with the other, He stretched himself beside her.

KING. Fair Evadne,

I'll bid your brother chide you for delay,— Perverse, capricious woman!

EVAD. I'll not raise

A tax upon your patience by regard
Of this large host of heroes.—They are those
Who fought in Palestine, and shed their blood
For the holy sepulchre.—Two oaths they swore—
One to defend their God—the other was,
With their right arms to guard the chastity
Of an insulted woman.

KING. Fair Evadne,

I must no more indulge you, else I fear You would scorn me for my patience; prithee, love, No more of this wild phantasy!

EVAD. My liege,

But one remains, and when you have looked upon it, And thus complied with my desire, you will find me Submissive to your own.—Look here, my lord,—

Know you this statue? - Statue L. 122 =

King. No, in sooth, I do not.

Evap. Nay-look again—for I shall think but ill
Of princely memories, if you can find
Within the immost chambers of your heart
No image like to this—look at that smile—
That smile, my liego—look at it!

King. It is your father!

EVAD. (Breaking into exultation.)

Aye!—'tis indeed my father!—'tis my good,

equest

Exalted, generous, and god-like father!

Whose memory, though he had left his child

A naked, houseless roamer through the world,

Were an inheritance a princess might

Be proud of for her dower!—It is my father!

Whose like in honour, virtue, and the fine

Integrity that constitutes a man,

He hath not left behind!—there is that smile,

That, like perpetual day-light, shone about him

In clear and bright magnificence of soul!

Who was my father?

(With a proud and conscious interrogatory.)

KING. One, whom I confess

Of high and many virtues.

EVAD. Is that all?

I will help your memory, and tell you first, That the late King of Naples looked among The noblest in his realm for that good man, To whom he might intrust your opening youth, And found him worthiest. In the eagle's nest Early he placed you, and beside his wing You learned to mount to glory! Underneath His precious care you grew, and you were once Thought grateful for his service. His whole life Was given to your uses, and his death-Ha! do you start, my lord? On Milan's plain He fought beside you, and when he beheld A sword thrust at your bosom, rushed—it pierced him! He fell down at your feet, -he did, my lord! He perished to preserve you! [Rushes to the Statue.] Breathless image.

Altho' no heart doth beat within that breast, No blood is in those veins, let me enclasp thee,

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And feel thee at my bosom.—Now, Sir, I am ready—
Come and unloose these feeble arms, and take me
Aye, take me from this neck of senseless stone, - I am brid
And to reward the father with the meet of the said of the said
And wonted recompense that princes give-
Make me as foul as blotted pestilence,
As black as darkest midnight, and as vile
As guilt and shame can make me.
King. She has smitten
Compunction thro' my soul!
Evan. Approach, my lord!
Come in the midst of all mine ancestry,
Come and unloose me from my father's arms—
Come, if you dare, and in his daughter's shame
Reward him for the last drops of the blood
Shed for his prince's life !— Some!—
King. Thou hast wrought
A miracle upon thy prince's heart,
And lifted up a vestal lamp, to shew
My soul its own deformity—my guilt!
EVAD. [Disengaging herself from the Statue.] Ha! have
you got a soul?—have you yet left, have soil I
Prince as you are, one relic of a man?
Have you a soul?—he trembles—he relents—
I read it in the glimmering of his face;
And there 's a tear, the bursting evidence
Of nature's holy working in the heart!
Oh, God! he weeps! my sovereign, my liege
Heart! do not burst in ecstasy too soon!
My brother! my Colonna!—hear me—hear!
In all the wildering triumph of my soul,
I call upon thee!
[Turning, the perceives COLONNA advancing from among the
Statues] R. 11.C.

There he is-my brother!

Colonna, let me rush into thine arms, And in thy bosom I will try to keep My bursting heart within me.

Cor. Let me behold thee,

Let me compress thee here !- Oh! my dear sister!

A thousand times mine own !- I glory in thee,

More than in all the heroes of my name !-

I overheard your converse, and methought

It was a blessed spirit that had ta'en

Thy heavenly form, to shew the wondering world

How beautiful was virtue !- Sir,- (to the King)

EVAD. Colonna,

There is your King!

Col. Thou hast made him so again!

Thy virtue hath re-crowned him-and I kneel

His faithful subject here!

King. Arise, Colonna!

You take the attitude that more befits

The man who would have wrong'd you, but whose heart,

Was by a seraph call'd again to heaven!

Forgive me!

Col. Yes, with all my soul I do!

And I will give you proof how suddenly

You are grown my Prince again.—Do not inquire

What I intend, but let me lead you here

Behind these statues .-

Refine in lest A Places the King behind the Statues.) ELE Ho! Ludovico! [EVADNE extises.

What ho! there !- Here he comes!

R.d. Enter Lupovico.

Ludovico,

I have done the deed!

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Colores, il in a said in a fire emas.

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Forgire me!

Cor. Year will o'l agrand to

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Lub. He is dead?

As turenty stabs could make him - this bear

E'enes thou he rest me, did I daire the steel,

And as he coed for life, Eradne's name

Drowned his last shrick!

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Search you chine sape? Why does some bound bears

The street of H I done of the almost

Year hand upon your hould think rath engagered you have that a mong language with the contract of the second contract the seco

Cor. Howisday

Lin. So, thou hast slate the bigg!

Cor. I did but follow your advice, my leid

Lun. Therefore, I call ye -- lock .- l'iou the king's head

Thou hast talen the crown, to place it on mire awa! Therefore I touched my final, for I did thatk

That pripably, I reletive d'adem

Wreathing its gold a round at out my brow!

But, by you braven, scarce do I feel more joy

In combing up to empire, that I do

In knowing thee my done!

Cot. Ikane, my lord,

You bade me kall the king.

I ur. And vince thou best sinin him,

Know more. " 1 vas I that that which his heart

Lignied impunis , Linas I, Columna, --

grad anti ebecer-q eit redi lea est-neastl

To ask siy sater's honour as the print

Of this accorded life:

Cot You have

Lord Weller here and the

Lup. He is dead?

As twenty stabs could make him—thro' his heart E'en as thou badest me, did I drive the steel, And as he cried for life, Evadne's name Drowned his last shrick!

Lyp. So!

Cor. Why, Ludovico,

Stand you thus rapt? Why does your bosom heave
In such wild tumult? Why is it you place
Your hand upon your front? What hath possessed you?

Lup. (With a strong laugh of irony) Fool!

Cor. Howisthis?

LUD. So, thou hast slain the king?

Col. I did but follow your advice, my lord.

Lup. Therefore, I call ye—Fool!—From the king's head
Thou hast ta'en the crown, to place it on mine own!
Therefore I touched my front, for I did think
That palpably, I felt the diadem
Wreathing its golden round about my brow!
But, by yon heaven, scarce do I feel more joy
In climbing up to empire, than I do
In knowing thee my dupe!

You bade me kill the king.

Lub. And since thou hast slain him, Know more,—'twas I that first within his heart Lighted impurity;—'twas I, Colonna,— Hear it—'twas I that did persuade the king To ask thy sister's honour, as the price Of thine accorded life!

Cor. You?4

LUD. Wouldst hear more !-

To-morrow sees me king! I have already Prepared three thousand of my followers To call me to the throne—and when I am there. I'll try thee for the murdering of the king, And then-What ho, there! Guards!-then, my good lord, When the good trenchant axe hath struck away That dull, and passionate head of thine-What ho! I'll take the fair Evadne to mine arms,

And thus-12. D. Enter Guards.

On yonder traitor seize!-

With sacrilegious hand he has ta'en away

The consecrated life of majesty,

And-

* N.11. 8. The King comes forward. in Reach

What do I behold? is not my sense

Mocked with this horrid vision ? " Hold my frame

A little longer-and, you faculties

" Of reasonable man, droop not beneath

" That horrid phantom." that hath started up

To make an idiot of me-is it not

The vapour of the senses that has framed

The only spectacle that ever yet

Appalled Ludovico?-

KING. Behold thy king!

Lup. He lives !- I am betrayed-but let me not Play traitor to myself-befriend me still

Thou guarding genius of Ludovico!-

My liege, my royal master, do I see you

Safe from the plots of you accursed traitor?

And throwing thus myself around your knees

Do I clasp reality?

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the east of the the energy of the king-

And time - Which the short Great's - then, my rood land

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Liv. (Deening his march)

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L. Enter Bradne, X & Colonia

God Oh! my brother!

King Thon hast a second time preserved

they beince!

Nor dare pollute my garment with a touch!

I know thee for a villain!—Seize him, guards!

Lud. (Drawing his sword.)

By this right arm they dare not—this right arm

That to the battle oft hath led them on,

Whose power to kill they know, but would not feel!—
I am betrayed—but who will dare to leap

Into the pit wherein the lion's caught,

And hug with him for death? Not one of this

Vile herd of trembling wretches!

[To the King.] Thou art meet alone to encounter me,

And thus in the wild bravery of despair,

I rush into thy life!

Col. (Intercepts and stabs him.) And there! and there!
That went into thy heart!—Art thou immortal
Must I yet stab thee deeper?

[Lunovico falls.

Euro (Rushing up to Coronnes) Ohl my broken

Lup. Colonna, thou hast conquered.

Oh! that I could,

Like an expiring dragon, spit upon you !-

That I could—thus I fling the drops of life

In showers of poison on you-May it fall

Like Centaur-blood, and fester you to madness!

Oh! that I could-

[He grasps his sword, and, in an effort to rise, dies. - ar

" Cor. In that gasp

" The soul rushed to infinity.

" EVAD. Oh! turn away

" From that affrighting spectacle! the good

" Look awfully in death—the bad—[With a broken shudder

KING. " Evadne,

" We'll turn to living beauty, dignified

" And fair, illumined by the silver light

" Of the bright soul within! Your sovereign owes

" His diadem to you, and what is more,

" The contrite spirit that shall make him fit

" To bear it on his head !-- Henceforth, Colonna,

" Share thou my kingdom with me, and adorn

" My councils by thy virtue." Fair Evadne,

We will repair our injuries to thee,
And wait in all the pomp of royalty
Upon the sacred day that gives thy hand
To thy beloved Vicentio!

Col. And the nuptials

Shall at the pedestal be solemnized

Of our great father!

Evan. Dost not think, Colonna,—
Dost thou not think, his holy spirit spreads
His wings around to shelter us from harm—
And that amid the fleshless world he looks
With nature's tender feelings on his child?—
Here every night, before I go to rest,
I will kneel down, and say my orisons.

" Col. And if the coldest heretic should chance

" To see thee kneeling there, with thy white hands

" Folded upon thy bosom, and thine eyes

" Bright with adoring love, he would not dare

" To call thy worship an idolatry."

TOA] Section of the second hediants granded intorphis A so REFERENCE TO SEE TO SEE TO SEE THE PROPERTY OF THE SECOND to the contract of the state of the state of the same of some si todar la como la como della " ातिक संबर्धन किल्लाकार्यक है। यह विकास के किल्लाक है। यह to be the second of the second of the second of the the fact of the state of the state of the AND THE RESERVE OF THE STATE OF An Stol Cost fall to And ever, as in this blest morneret may His guardian spirit with celestial live Spread its bright wings to shelter in from it with natures tenderest feelings looking down Bengrant on the fortimes of his child. ार जात (पा कट रेड्डा सम्बद्ध है भ The End be to give of the top of the Lindsvicis body Colonna-Cradne - King Gent 6.

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EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MRS. FAUCIT.

DROP SCENE .- The Hall of Dramatic Statues.

SENT hither by our Bard, no pleasant jaunt— In Epilogue a timorous debutante, I ask your favour, like a prudent elf,... One word for him, and one word for myself!

Cut off, like Crusoe, from the social walk,
With no Man Friday to keep up the talk
Frown'd on by yonder monumental sages

(Pointing to the Drop.)

In marble. What an awful thing the stage is!

Of Thespian Bards you Alpha and Omega,
From mighty SHAKESPEARE down to LOPE DE VEGA;
Each shakes his awful curls, and seems to say,—

"Surely the author means to damn his play;
What! send an Actress out, the town t'implore,
Who never spoke an Epilogue before!
Olivia for Evadne,—mighty clever!
Woman for woman! that is new, however!"

Peace, ye monopolists, on marble shelves,
You want to damn all statues but yourselves.
Avaunt! "I've caught the Speaker's eye" before ye,
Rear-rank, Attention! while I tell a story.
PYGMALION once, to ape the Turner's trade,
With curious labour carved an ivory maid,
But as immortal grace each limb unfolds,
He glows with passion for the maid he moulds,

EPILOGUE:

And cries, (how vain were artists e'en in Greece)

"Come! that's a statue! that's art's masterpiece!"

Long he adores her with a lover's mien,

And thus, at length, petitions Beauty's Queen;

"Oh, Venus, bid me taste of Hymen's bliss,

"And 'bone of my bone' makeyon ivory Miss!

"Hush! foolish youth!" (aside thus Momus sung)

"Leave well alone! a statue has no tongue!"

Vain was the hint; the silliest of the Greeks

Repeats his vow, and gains the boon he seeks.

The statue woke to life, with eager spring

PYGMALION changed his chisel for a ring;

And as no parent lived to thwart his plans,

Of course no cross papa forbade the banns.

From that time forth, unwarmed by lover's breath,
Statues, or bone, or stone, have slept in death.
But if to-night, you bid Evadue thrive,
We hope to see the miracle revive.
To Beauty's Queen the Grecian poured his vow,
Our Poet bends to Beauty's daughters now;
Oh! may they waken his dramatic wife,
And, smiling, warm his statue into life!













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